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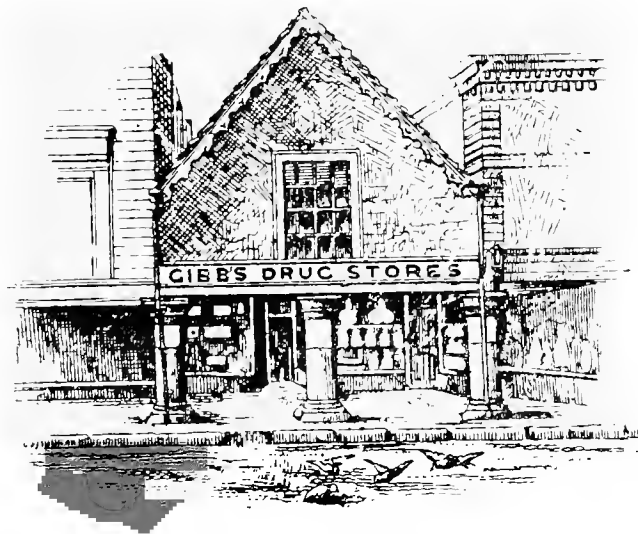


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Written by REV. G. N. GODWIN, B.D.

Author of "Southampton Illustrated,"
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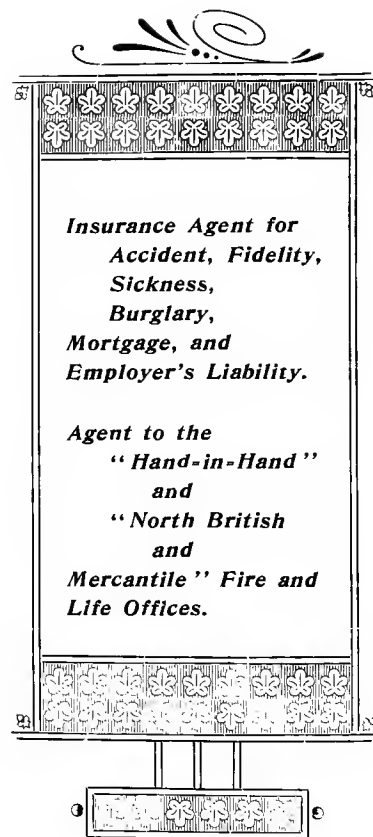
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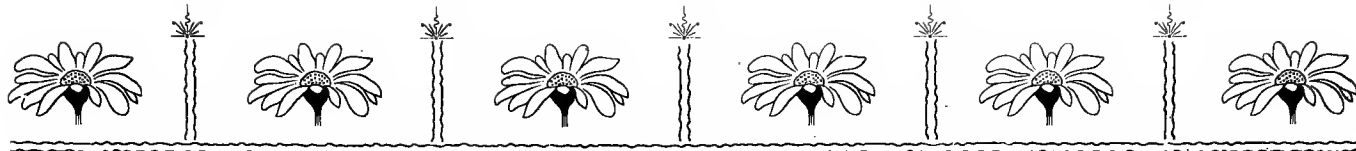
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Winchester.

FOR many a century have mens' feet turned towards Winchester with "its many houses in a cluster, the shape of a woolpack, nipped in the centre by the girdle of the High Street, having the aforesaid houses ranged round the Cathedral like so many pawns round a king at chess." The ancient Celt had his fort on the downs above. The old city of the Roman weavers and huntsmen and of the West Saxon kings lies pleasantly and healthily in a snug valley between two sheltering steep chalk hills, the river Itchen running on its border. The Itchen, of which Charles Kingsley says "Itchen silver as they looked down upon her from above, but, when they came down to her, so clear that none could see where water ended and where air began, hurried through the city in many a stream." Cobbett in his "Rural Rides," says, "The Itchen, the beautiful Itchen valley. There are few spots in England more fertile or more pleasant, none, I believe, more healthy. The fertility of this vale and of the surrounding country is best

proved by the fact, that besides the town of Alresford and that of Southampton, there are seventeen villages, each having its parish church upon its borders. When we consider these things we are not surprised that a spot situated about half-way down this vale should have been chosen for the building of a city, or that that city should have been for a great number of years the place of residence of the kings of England." And will not all England, together with our American cousins, our New Zealand, Australian, and Canadian brethren, fix their eyes upon Winchester next year, turning their myriad footsteps thither in happy thought, if not in living actuality, for the all sufficient reason that Winchester, the old city by the Itchen shore, was, a thousand years ago, the home of an English King who towers head and shoulders above many of his brethren—Alfred the Dane-Fighter, Law-giver, Hero, Navy Founder and Truth-teller. But there are many other reasons why we should visit Winchester. Be we artists, historians, poets, dreamers over the heroic, half forgotten past, we shall find good enjoyment there.

Modern Winchester Pilgrims.

CHAUCER tells us how long ago in the bright spring time there rode forth knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, the prioress and the "wife of Bath," wending their way to Canterbury. Full many of them found their way thither through Winchester, visiting en route the shrine of St. Swithun, "who was, for many centuries, the most healing saint in England." But though the days of pilgrimages are over, modern travellers must still come to Winchester by the ancient routes, starting from Southampton as did those ancient wayfarers, albeit that we travel either by cycle, steed, motor car, London and South-Western Railway, or the Didcot, Newbury and Southampton line, whilst they trusted to horseflesh, or to "Shanks, his mare." True, but they had bagpipes, which some might perhaps consider at best but a doubtful advantage. On our left, after passing St. Deny's, with the scanty remains of a once famous Priory, is Woodmill, which supplies Winchester dinner parties with many a noble salmon, and where Mr. Taylor invented the circular saw. On the right, amidst sheltering trees, is the pretty church of North Stoneham, wherein sleeps that glorious old "sea-dog," Admiral Hawke, who fought a French fleet one dark night in a gale of wind on a lee shore. Upon his monument is figured the "Royal George," which went down at Spithead "with all her crew complete" in 1782. Close to the old Admiral lie the sturdy Venetian sailors, who died centuries ago, when bringing wine, spices, and perfumes to the mighty mediæval fair on St. Giles Hill, Winchester, of which we shall have much to say

presently. But our train speeds fast up the valley of what Canon Benham justly calls "the clear, sparkling, river Itchen, not majestic like Father Thames, nor picturesque with hills and deep reaches like the Dart, yet with a tranquil beauty of its own, with the rich meadows and villages on its banks," and we are at Eastleigh Junction, where the London and South Western Railway make all their carriages. The locomotive factory will probably be transferred hither from London ere long. Meanwhile the former hamlet of Eastleigh has grown by leaps and bounds, and is now a busy, bustling town, full of life and energy. The parish church (since enlarged), was built by the liberality of that talented authoress, Miss Charlotte Yonge. The village of Bishopstoke, a mile distant from the station, is one of the most beautiful in Hampshire, on the banks of the Itchen, with a good modern church (1891), and some noble pines and cypresses. On our left are the Shawford Waterworks, which give Southampton an abundant supply of pure water. Away to our right is Owzlebury, upon a lofty hill, with an Early Decorated church, in which the last Hampshire mass was sung (temp. Edw. VI.). The priest was dragged from the altar by Sir Thomas Seymour, of Marwell Hall, and cruelly murdered in the churchyard. Marwell Hall is one of the many traditional scenes of the tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough." At any rate there is the tradition, and likewise a large chest, so what more can the most incredulous desire? Marwell Manor Farm, with its "May Beech," was the scene of the early married life of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. This was a former seat of the Bishops of Winchester, in the days when prelates loved "to see their greyhounds run



Commemoration Statue: Alfred the Great.

and their hawks fly." Brambridge House (right of line) has some noble avenues, and Twyford is sometimes styled the "Queen of Hampshire villages." Pope, the poet, was at school at Twyford (Seager's Buildings). He wrote a satire on his schoolmaster, which, fortunately for his own reputation, "the wasp of Twickenham" did not hand down to posterity. In the church is a good bust, by Nollekens, of Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, who died in 1788. One of the noblest yews for many miles round stands in the churchyard. Benjamin Franklin wrote a good deal of his autobiography whilst visiting Dr. Shipley at Twyford. The walk along the Itchen bank is very beautiful. The remains of a large Roman Villa have been partially excavated at Twyford. This village is served by Shawford Station. Shawford is rapidly growing in favour as a residential neighbourhood. Many good houses have been built, and the Golf Links for ladies and gentlemen are deservedly famous. The Twyford Institute and the Shawford Parochial Hall have Lending Libraries and Reading Rooms, and are a great boon to the neighbourhood. But we must hasten on. On our left is pleasant Compton, of which we must speak in our description of the road from Southampton to Winchester. The Didcot and Newbury Line branches off over a viaduct to our right to the G.W.R. Station at Cheeshill Street, Winchester. Above on our right towers the mighty chalk mass of St. Catherine's Hill, and we see the glorious Norman Church and Hospital of St. Cross. But these we must visit from Winchester. And now the Cathedral in all its massive grandeur comes into view, together with Chilcombe, Winchester College, St. Giles' Hill, the

County Gaol, the County Hospital, Oliver's Battery, and many another place of interest of which we shall have much to say, for the great story of Winchester cannot be briefly told. Through a deep cutting, which was the ancient moat of Winchester Castle, with the Cemetery, where alike Wintonian and stranger "after life's fitful fever sleep well" and St. James's and Clifton terraces on the left, with the Barracks (now being re-built) on our right, we glide into the Winchester (S.W.R.) Station. Thanks to its two railways Winchester has a good train service, and is in easy connection with Newbury, Didcot, Basingstoke, Reading, Oxford, and the North, as well as with London, Farnham, Guildford, Southampton, Romsey, Salisbury, Fareham, Gosport, the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Brighton, Bournemouth, and other important centres. There are several other ways of reaching Winchester which we must leave for the present. We have much to see and far to go. Sending our personal belongings to our hotel (there is no lack of good hotels in Winchester), let us start on our rambles through the ancient city with as little encumbrance as possible, for we have much to see and far to go.

* * *

The Story of Winchester.

WHO can hope to tell the great epic of English history in few words? The very pen in one's hand longs to a write huge volume, for only so can the mighty tale be told. The antiquity of Winchester certainly approaches the awful. Pre-historic man

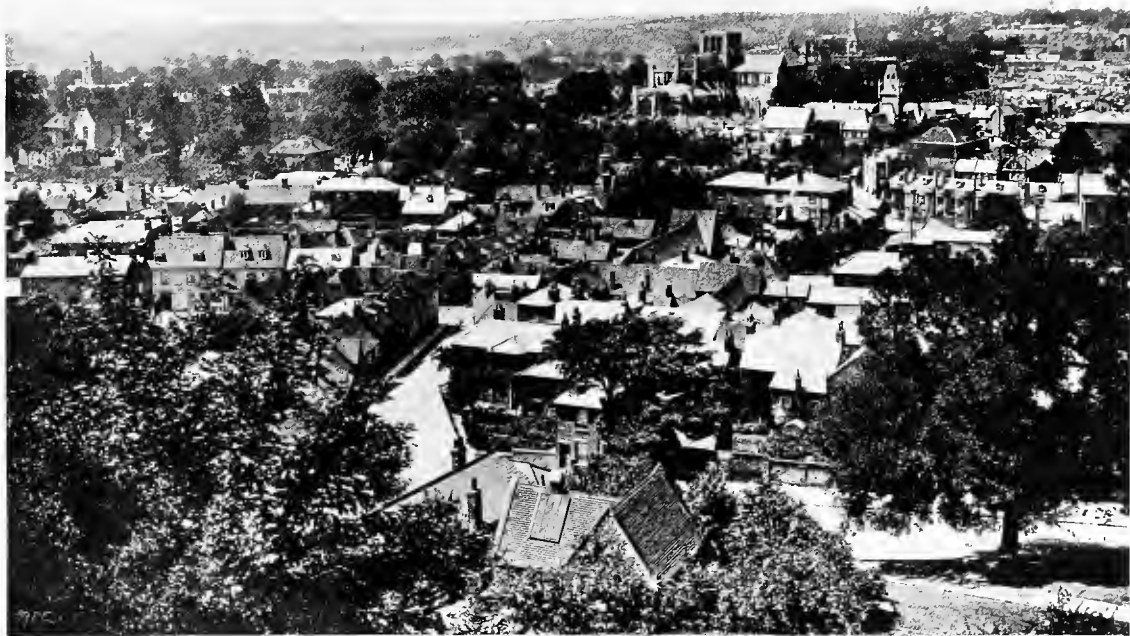


Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Winchester, from St. Giles's Hill.

dwelt in the Itchen Valley, as a visit to his stony scrapers and arrow heads in the Museum will prove at a glance. Long before the Christian era a little British village clung to the steep slope of St. Catherine's Hill: the Celtic "Caer Gwent," "The fort in the open country." The Romans came and left many a trace behind them. Still may we gaze upon the mosaic pavements over which walked Roman generals and fair Italian dames. Roman coins are continually turned up by the spade. Six Roman roads left our city gates. Weapons wielded by the legionaries, and the gods worshipped in their temples, are as familiar in Winchester as household words. Yes, great is the antiquity of Winchester, the prettiest, sweetest, most charming, and most delightful town or city probably in Great Britain or Ireland, the city which is represented by the square Norman tower and the ridge of the mighty nave which rise above broad masses of foliage, and are scaled by the graceful tower and turrets of Wykeham's College to the south, lying as it does in a sort of cosy little cup derved by nature from the midst of chalk hills, with the twisting, clear-watered, rapid flowing Itchen running through and then meandering round St. Cross. Time has wrought its changes here as everywhere else, but the old city is still full of quaint bits and picturesque corners, timbered houses with carved corbels and oriel windows, hostelries with overhanging eaves and fantastic sign-boards of wrought iron work, hospitals whose charters date from Norman times, and whose records give us many a curious peep into the byeways of mediæval life. When Rome relaxed her failing grasp upon Britain a Saxon horde sailed up the Itchen,

and for a century or more there was hard, stern fighting round Winchester walls. In 635 Birinus from Italy won over King Cynegils to the faith of the White Christ, and became himself Bishop of Dorchester. We would fain believe that King Arthur was often in Winchester battling with the Saxons, doing justice under some spreading oak, and feasting with his "Knights all of the Table Round." At any rate, what purports to be the Round Table hangs in the County Hall, with the names of Galahad and Lancelot inscribed upon it, whilst hapless Guinevere moaned out "Too late! Too late!" at fair Amesbury, just across the Wiltshire border. When Egbert became the eighth Bretwalda, or "wielder of Britain," Winchester rose to fame and glory, and somewhere in the great Cathedral King Egbert rests from his wars and his sorrows. Then the raven flag of the Danes was seen from Winton Walls, and King Ethelwolf took his son Alfred—whose millenary celebration shall be held next year, with due pomp and state, God willing—on pilgrimage to Rome. In his days dwelt as Bishop at Winchester, St. Swithun, who was Clerk of the Weather, Tithe Rent Charge Owner, and Imposer of Highway Rates, a man whom Dean Kitchin, most genial of antiquaries, says, "we can trace in him some very lovable qualities." He brought about the buildings of the Close wall, which has more than once saved the Cathedral, but, best and noblest work of all, he was the tutor of Alfred the Great, "the most perfect character in history." To quote Dean Kitchin once more, "Alfred it was who turned England into a nation, was the father of her literature, setting the language firmly on its feet, and



Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

High Street.

left behind the memory of his purity of character, simplicity, modesty, and tenacity of purpose. Possessed of a singularly well balanced mind and with the true English quality of never knowing when he was beaten . . . his real greatness lay, however, in the nobility of his intellect, and in his gift of organizing, by which he codified the laws and established schools: and the crowning act of his life was the compilation and writing of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the first vernacular chronicle of any Teutonic people." How Alfred hacked and hewed at Basing Fight, how he starved in Athelney, how he acted nobly to Guthorm, like an English gentleman as he was, how he hanged high above Wolvesey Wall the captured Danish pirates of Hayling Island, and how, at last, worn out with pain, and still more with gallant work for "England, home and duty" he died at the age of 52, when fallen October leaves were eddying in Winton roads! All these things are matters of history, as is also, alas! the fact that a century ago, Alfred's last resting-place was ruthlessly destroyed, and his ashes scattered—no man knoweth whither. Edward the Elder, was a mighty king in Winchester, and was buried by his father's side in his own foundation of the New Minster. Athelstan quaffed the mead-cup, and fought over once more the fight of Brunanburh to Guy, Earl of Warwick, the slayer of Danish giant Colbrand, in Danemark Mead. Money poured forth from the mints, which this king set up in Winchester. Here, also, Dunstan fought the great battle of the Church's rights and privileges. St. Ethelwold finished in 971, a marvellous new Cathedral, wherein St. Swithun worked miracles of healing for some 600 years, whilst his

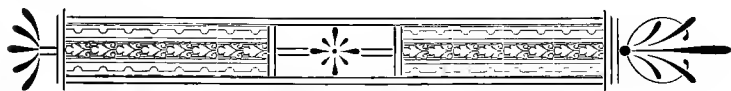
canonised rival, St. Josse did the same at the New Minster of Hyde. Bluff seaman Canute was a familiar figure in the High Street, and in the Cathedral. Luckless Earl of Beorn, nephew of Canute, is said to lie on the south side of the Cathedral choir, and Earl Godwin, king-maker, long before the days of Warwick, the then ablest man in England, rests somewhere in the Cathedral. The Abbot and twelve Monks of Hyde Abbey rode away to Hastings Fight, and there to a man "died under shield." William the Conqueror built the Norman Castle, of which the present County Hall is almost the sole remaining fragment. He also reared a great palace in the heart of the city, and in 1079, his cousin, Bishop Walkelin, commenced his 14 years' task of rebuilding the Cathedral of St. Ethelwold. William "the stark" kept Easter in state at Winchester, "wearing his crown." On the brow of St. Giles Hill he beheaded the gallant Saxon Earl Waltheof. It was through the streets of Winchester on the 2nd of August, 1100, that one Purkiss, a charcoal burner, drew the body of the dead king Rufus: the blood oozing out through the boards of the cart, and staining the road up to the gates of the Cathedral, where he was buried, and where his tomb may still be seen. Henry I. and his Queen Matilda lived at Winchester, and in the Castle was born Prince William, who was drowned on board the White Ship in the Race of Alderney. King Henry ordered the compilation of the Winton Domesday, a survey from which we can form a very good idea of what the old city was like. Dire and fierce was the fighting at Winchester between King Stephen and the Empress Maud. It is said that the Royal Palace, St. Mary's



Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

The City Cross.

CITY ROAD MASONRY WORKS,



WINCHESTER.



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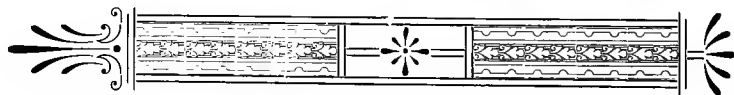


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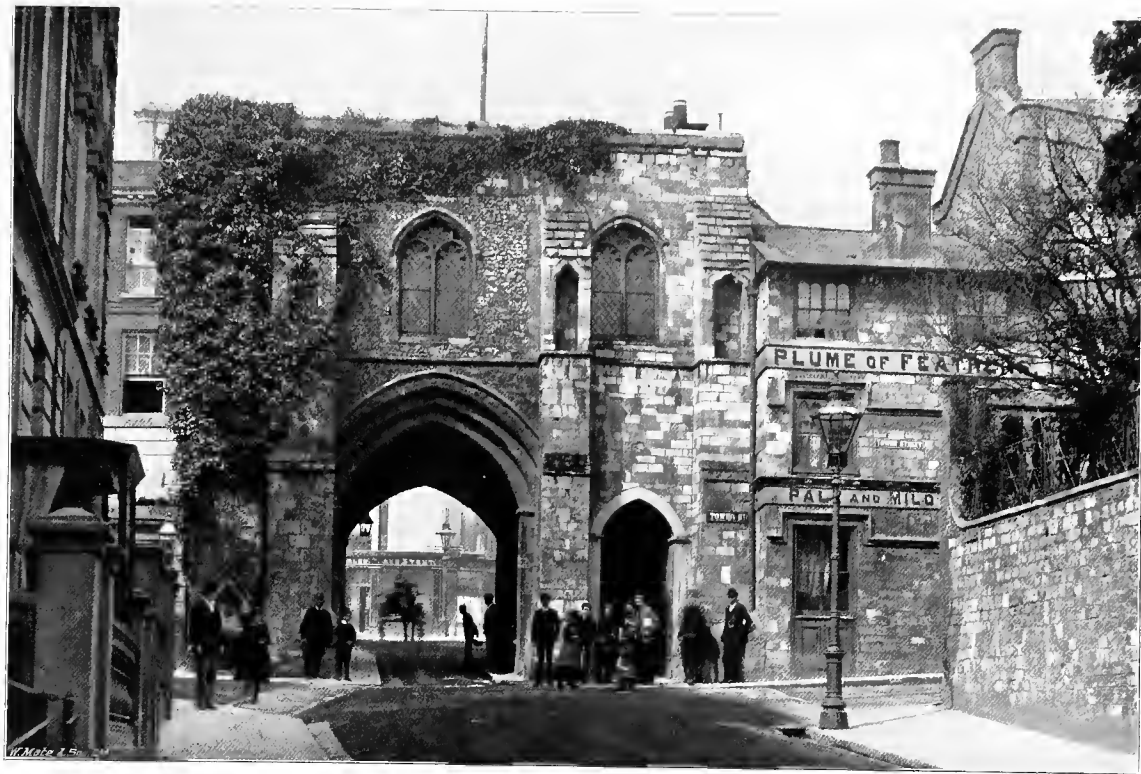


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West Gate.

WINCHESTER ILLUSTRATED.

said to have shot a boy at Otterbourne, and certainly reached the gate of the present Deanery utterly wet through. A year afterwards he left England and Mary for ever. Queen Elizabeth once rode in at Winchester Gate, and during her reign the Cathedral suffered heavily from the excessive Puritan zeal of Bishop Horne. During the reign of "the British Solomon" alias "the wisest fool in Christendom," James I., we catch a glimpse of Queen Anne of Denmark, with her ladies, playing "Rise pig and go," and similar games at Winchester Castle. But grand old Sir Walter Raleigh and his fellow prisoners on trial for their lives at Wolvesey give a tragic air to the Winchester of that day. During the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, Winchester was several times taken and re-taken.

On Tuesday, December 12th, 1642, Sir William Waller entered the city in triumph, and his soldiers did much mischief in the Cathedral, of which seven years before Archbishop Laud had held a Visitation, at which some remarkable instances of carelessness came to light. In 1643 the King's troops occupied the Castle, and, in their turn, despoiled Magdalen Hospital on St. Giles' Hill. After the great battle of Cheriton Fight, near Alresford (March 20th, 1644), Sir William Waller entered Winchester "plundering it with all the insolence and rapine imaginable." After Naseby fight came Cromwell with his Ironside Brigade. Lord Ogle made but a feeble defence, and on October 6th, 1645, Winchester surrendered to all-conquering Oliver. The Castle was rendered incapable of defence, Wolvesey Castle was made ruinous, and fortifications were everywhere "slighted." In December, 1648, King Charles was brought under strong

guard through Winchester, and in spite of all that they had suffered in his cause, was loyally received by the authorities. Oliver Cromwell was a familiar figure in Winchester streets, his son Richard (the original "Tumble-down-Dick") having married Dorothy Major, the heiress of Hursley, four miles distant. Charles II. meant to make Winchester a second Versailles, and Sir Christopher Wren commenced a stately palace, destined never to be completed, and to become in turns a French prison and a barrack, and which has well been styled "A Palace of Misfortune." Winchester sorely needed help during these stormy times. Taylor, the Water Poet, said, "I took Winchester on my way homewards, and there saw an ancient city like a body without a soule: and for ought I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. . . . I walked from one end of it to the other, and saw not thirty people of all sorts: so that if a man should go to Winchester for a goose he might lose his labour." In 1666 the plague scourged Winchester very cruelly, and did space permit we could give many interesting details of this awful visitation, thanks to the researches of Alderman Jacob, sometime Mayor, whom all antiquarians honour, and what is far better, love. "Brave little Thomas Ken" lived in the Close, and so did Izaak Walton, "the Compleat Angler," who took many a trout from the Itchen, and was buried in the Cathedral in 1684. Bishop Peter Mews, once a Life Guards' officer, lent his carriage horses to bring up the royal guns at the Battle of Sedgemoor in 1685. Heroic Alice Lisle, who had given shelter to two Sedgemoor fugitives at Moyles Court, near Ringwood, was tried at Winchester before Judge Jeffreys, who bullied the jury



Photo by the Photochrom Co., Ltd., London.

Winchester Cathedral: Avenue.

into returning a verdict of "Guilty," and her good grey head was struck off in the Market Place. William III. came here, as did also that great soldier, John, Duke of Marlborough. With her stupid ("Est il possible") husband Prince George of Denmark, Queen Anne visited Winchester, and liked it right well. Want of money prevented her from completing the unfinished palace of Charles the Second, but her statue stands yet in all the bravery of paint and gilding above the old Guildhall. In 1737, Winchester had the honour of opening the first provincial hospital in England. Several times during the 18th century the "King's House" was occupied by thousands of prisoners of war. Benedictine Nuns and 1,000 French clergy also found shelter there during the French Revolution, and to bring the chronicle down to modern times the London and South Western Railway was opened in 1839 to Southampton and to London in the following year. H.R.H. Princess Victoria, with her devoted mother, the Duchess of Kent, rested for a brief space at the George Hotel to change horses on November 6th, 1833, and in the Diamond Jubilee Year of 1897, Queen Victoria--whom may God preserve--made pause at the South Western Railway Station, on both occasions receiving a right loyal welcome. Such in feeblest, faintest outline is the story of Winchester which we may well conclude with these words of truth: "Nor must we omit mention of the house of Baring--so long and so intimately connected with Hampshire and its grey, old, sleepy city--from its founder, John Baring, of Bellair, in 1733, through a proud succession of bankers, statesmen, and peers, down to the present Earl of Northbrook, G.C.S.I., High Steward of Winchester, late

Governor-General of India: men of sagacity, intellect, and knowledge of the world, and of unblemished fame."

* * *

In and About Winchester.

"LET us take a walk down Fleet Street" said Doctor Johnson; but let *us* rather take a walk down Winchester High Street, than which, go where you will, you shall not find a fairer. We will turn sharply to the right as we leave the London and South Western Railway Station, and follow a footpath which skirts the line, until we reach the first bridge which spans the railway. Across the cutting stands the church of St. Paul, whose erection is a proof of what religious earnestness can do in the face of great difficulties. It stands on the site of the ancient Norman church of St. Anastasius. Chalk coffins have been found here, a priest's grave, and the remains of those who died in the pest-houses outside the Westgate. The church was in use in 1300, and seems to have been destroyed by fire. The Union House stands hard by, built on part of an open space called Oram's Arbour, wherein various open-air amusements are vigorously carried on. Some traces of fortifications, formerly much more distinct, are visible, and are variously ascribed to the Civil War, or to the struggle between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda. The railway runs through a cutting, which was formerly the moat of Winchester Castle.

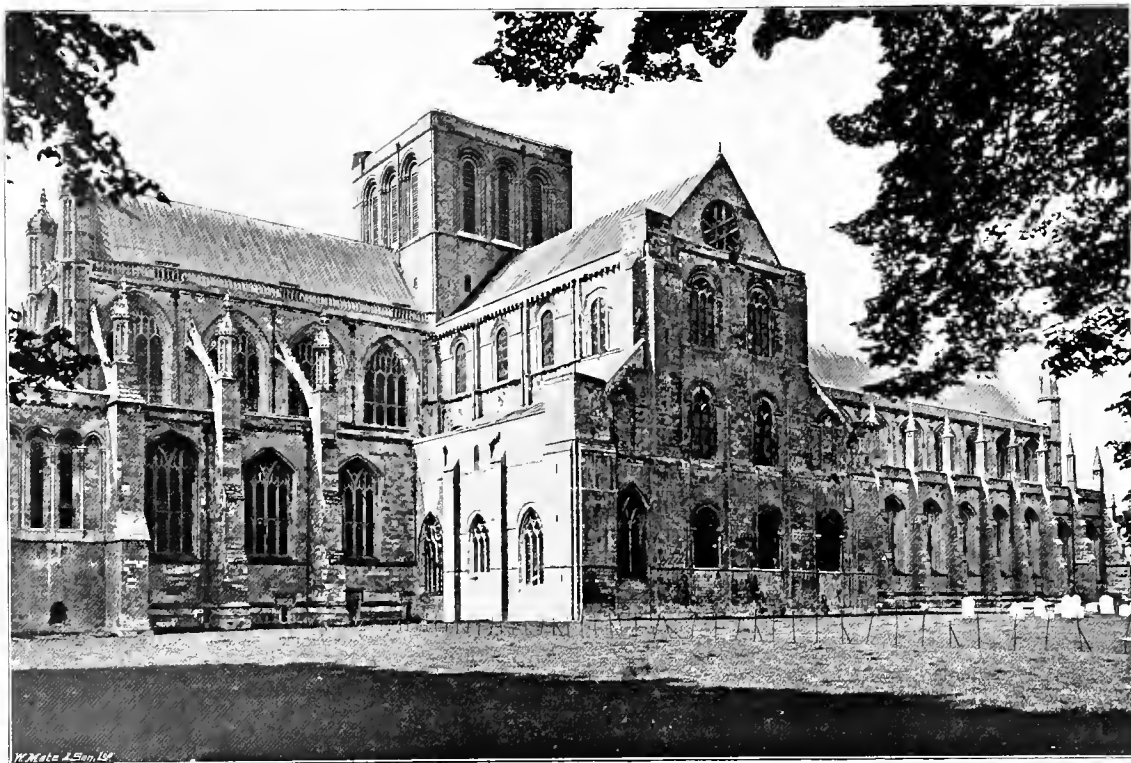


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Winchester Cathedral: North Side.

The West Gate and its Surroundings.

TURNING to the left down the hill, we speedily reach an obelisk, which surmounts a broad flat stone.

This is a memorial of the ravages of the Plague at Winchester in the year 1665-6. Other attacks of this terrible disease had previously scourged the city. But during this fierce out-break the market was held at this stone, outside the gate, money being placed in vinegar or water to prevent contagion, buyer and seller standing far from each other. "Plague Mounds" are to be seen on Magdalen Hill, Compton Down, and between St. Catherines and Twyford Down. As late as 1670, there were cases of Plague in Winchester. The handsome offices of the Hampshire Friendly Society, and the adjacent County Buildings, just outside the West Gate, stand over the foundations of the ancient Norman Castle, and during their erection Roman coins were found together with various subterranean passages, and the base of a round tower which linked the north side of the fortress with the city wall. The "Plume of Feathers" Inn, just outside the grand old West Gate, was for centuries the site of the Porter's Lodge, adjacent to which was the "Chappell of St. Mary in the Foss." The City Gates were closed at nine on summer evenings, and at seven in winter. The Porter or Town Beadle often contracted to feed criminals and debtors confined in the West Gate Prison. But it is time that we looked at the old West Gate itself, anent which by all means procure "West Gate, Winchester" (4d.), by Alderman Jacob. This noble gate was probably built by Elias de

Derehan, in the reign of Henry III, on the site of an older Norman gate. The East Gate was pulled down in 1768, and North Gate came to grief during a christening party in 1756. South Gate has likewise passed away. Let us treasure our ancient ivy-clad portal. Mr. Jacob thinks that the great architect, Bishop William of Wykeham repaired the West Gate. The machicolations are bold, and the grove for the portcullis is plain to see. For 250 years the room above the arch was a debtors' and criminal prison. Below was a "black hole." Then the old Gate became a Muniment Room, and it has since, during the mayoralty of A. Bowker, Esq., been transformed into a most interesting local Museum, which should by all means be visited. The view from the roof is very fine.

* * *

Winchester Castle and the County Hall.

WHEN Norman William ruled the land he built Rougemont Castle at Exeter to bridle the western, and Winchester Castle to hold in check the southern counties of England. Winchester Castle was the favourite dwelling of the Conqueror, the place where "he wore his crown at Easter." From hence he sent out the order for the Domesday Survey, and from it William Rufus started for his fatal hunting in the New Forest. We cannot do better than quote the late C. R. Pink, Esq., F.R.S.I.B.A.: "Here Henry III., surnamed 'of Winchester,' and Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of



Photo by the Photochrom Co., Ltd., London.

Winchester Cathedral : South Side.

Henry VII., were born. Within the great hall were kept the marriage feasts of Henry IV. and Mary Tudor, and in an earlier century it was to this castle that Henry I. brought his bride Matilda. Parliaments too have been held within these walls, a fact which is preserved to us in the title of the well-known "statutes of Winchester," passed in 1285. Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II., was beheaded before the castle, and here also we have the scene of the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh and his so-called accomplices. The eventful history of Winchester Castle during the "Great Rebellion" is known to us from the *History of the Civil War in Hampshire*, by the Rev. G. N. Godwin. The place being garrisoned for the King was captured by Cromwell himself, and in the following years nearly all the buildings (with the important exception of the hall) were practically destroyed.

"The only remains now existing besides the hall are :— The base of a circular tower, traces of the ditch, a subterranean passage to the postern or sally-port, and buried foundations of walls.

"In the time of James I. the Castle had ceased to be royal property, that King having granted it to Sir Benjamin Tichborne. After the siege the Parliament bestowed the buildings upon Sir William Waller, and he sold the hall to trustees for the purpose of a County Hall, and in the hands of our county authorities it remains to this day.

"The hall was probably commenced about 1220, and the work then went steadily on until the final works of decoration were carried out in 1236.

"Elias of Dereham would appear to have been the architect. The hall measures inside about 112ft. by 56ft., and consists of a 'nave' and aisles, divided by very fine clustered piers of Purbeck marble. The arcades are of five bays. High up in each gable is a triplet of lancet windows. The building apparently was originally covered in one span by a high-pitched roof, the lofty windows in the aisle walls rising into dormers above the eaves. There were principal doorways in the north and south walls opposite one another, in the second bay from the east. The south door still remains, but traces only of the north one. Near the former is another doorway which may have led to a gallery staircase. There were also small doorways opposite one another in the easternmost bay of the hall. Remains of the northern one may be seen. These were no doubt communications with the kitchen, buttery, and other servants' offices. At the west-end was the royal dais (of which you may still see some fragments), and adjoining it is the doorway which probably led to the king's apartments. In the west wall there is also a curious wooden tube, built in and passing through the wall very obliquely. Its use has not been satisfactorily explained. It has been suggested that it served as a speaking-tube. The stone window seats should also be noticed.

"In 1871, the late Mr. Thomas Henry Wyatt reported upon the building, and shortly afterwards he was employed by the Magistrates to design the new Assize Courts and carry out a complete restoration of the noble Hall. Under his direction these works were speedily carried out in a most able manner. The old roof timbers (entirely decayed) were renewed throughout, the walls



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Winchester Cathedral : South Transept.

thoroughly repaired, and the traces of modern vandalism and ill-usage removed. Considerable decorative work has also been done, mainly owing to the untiring care and energy of Mr. Melville Portal; this includes the windows, 'richly dight' with the arms of Hampshire worthies, and the interesting roll of Knights of the Shire upon the eastern wall.

"Some slight reference at least I must make to the so-called 'King Arthur's Table,' which hangs on the west wall. Whatever its origin, whether or not its descent can be traced back to some 'Wheel of Fortune' or 'Mappa Mundi' placed in the Hall at an early date, there is no doubt we possess in the 'table' a relic of very considerable antiquity. John Harding, the chronicler, who lived from 1378 to 1465, mentions 'Arthur's Table' as hanging here, and in 1522 it appears to have been specially pointed out to Charles V. when he visited Winchester. The present painted design would not seem to be earlier than the beginning of the sixteenth century. The framework affords some evidence of possible use as a table, there being mortises for twelve legs besides a central support.

"'King's House,' or Palace (the present Barracks), is the successor, as it were, of Winchester Castle. The first stone was laid March 23, 1683, the architect being Sir Christopher Wren, and the work proceeded apace. Winchester, however, was not to have a second Versailles within its walls. In 1685 Charles II. died, and a stop was put to the works. Although there was some talk of finishing the Palace in Anne's time, her Consort having taken a fancy to the place, the project came to nothing, and at the close of the last century the building

was converted into permanent military barracks. The work was stopped before the more important architectural features were realised. These included a great central cupola, to be of such a height that its finial could be 'seen at sea' (!) and smaller domes were to have marked the positions of the chapels for the King and Queen in their respective wings. A broad street leading from the Palace Court to the west front of the Cathedral also formed part of Charles's abortive scheme."

To the subsequent history of the Barracks we have already alluded. They were burnt down on December 19th, 1894, but are rapidly being rebuilt. Very curious and worthy of examination are the subterranean passages connected with the Castle, which have of late years been made more readily accessible.

* * *

To Winchester Cross.

STAPLE Gardens by their very name remind us of the days when the trade in wool was one of the principal industries in England, and, to Winchester's credit be it said, in the very heart of the city stood the Jewish Synagogue. All around dwelt the Hebrews in peace and safety even in those days of dark religious bigotry. Their name and local habitation is still commended by the present Jewry Street. On either hand are thoroughly first-class shops which do a good trade, for every one goes to Winchester "for shopping." The Black Swan Hotel attracts attention



Photo by the Photochrom Co., Ltd., London.

Winchester Cathedral : East End.

by its sign, and its Latin motto, "*Rara avis in terra, nigroque simellima cygno*" ("A scarce bird in the world, and very much like a Black Swan"). A very important house stood here in old days, possibly the Goldsmithery, often mentioned 400 years ago. For more than a century has the Black Swan borne its present name. Southgate Street, formerly known as Gold Street, here branches off from High Street. Nearly opposite is the George, which has been a hostelry for some five centuries, "Peregrine Pickle" knew it well, and so did a certain "Captain Esmond," introduced to countless readers by Thackeray. "Her Ladyship's Elephant" has a good deal to say about the old inn which has always been in many ways a centre of life in Winchester. In one of its stables a luckless cavalier was "half-hanged," after which we are not surprised to be told that "he was very ill." One side of the George abuts upon Jewry Street, wherein plenty of business is done, it being the high-road to the South Western Station. Let us turn up it for a moment. The Theatre, built in 1709, formerly wooed its votaries here, and many of the mighty actors of yore have "strutted their mimic hour" upon the Winchester boards. The handsome Congregationalist Church is well attended, and is a centre of life. Adjoining it is the Old Gaol, now converted into business premises. The front, which is seen from the street, was built in 1809, and contained the governor's house and the debtors' quarters. The main body of the prison was built in 1788. The place of execution was nearly a mile distant on the Andover road. A good deal of Roman and Mediæval pottery has been found in Jewry Street from time to time. The Corn Exchange is in this street, and

needless to say, the Saturday market makes it the centre of a crowd of farmers. De Lunn's Buildings are handsome, and an ornament to the city. At the cross-roads formerly stood the North Gate, which fell in during a christening party in 1756, the baby alone escaping unhurt out of a party of 26. Turning to the left we are in the City Road where stands the Baptist Church. This road is in the old City Moat. High above towered the picturesque line of the City Wall, but, alas! it does so no longer. It was fairly perfect a hundred years ago—but Dr. Milners mourns over the destruction of "the majestic walls of flint and stone, interlaced with unfading ivy, unfeelingly demolished and meanly replaced with vulgar brick and masonry." The Autumn of 1824 brought still further destruction, and nearly the whole of the wall was swept away. The City Road leads us by way of the Station Hill, and the well-known Eagle Hotel to the station.

Returning through Jewry Street to the High Street, we are in the very heart of the ancient city. Nearly opposite the George Hotel are the offices of the Hampshire Chronicle, which has had its "Chapel" on the site occupied by the premises of Messrs. Jacob & Johnson's (its owners for nearly a century), for almost a century-and-a-half. In Hammond's Passage, close by, Roman coins and masonry have been brought to light, and much history appertains unto it. The old Dolphin Inn, with a huge dormitory like that of the hundred beds of Chaucer's Pilgrims, has been re-placed by a modern building of Elizabethan style, in 1711. The Stuart Hanoverian Guildhall had, by the days of the Fourth Edward, replaced an older one. As now, in former days,



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Winchester Cathedral: West Front.

there were shops below it. Queen Anne's statue, bright with paint and gilding, was given by George Brydges, M.P., who sat for the City in seven Parliaments, and the illuminated clock (renewed in 1812) was the gift of his colleague, Sir William Paulet. The bell, which rings out the curfew every night, was cast in 1702. The Royal Oak Inn dates back to the days of Charles II., and takes its name from the oak of Boscobel. There was formerly another inn close by, with the sign of the "Red Hatt," a probable compliment to Cardinal Beaufort. This district was the old Butcher's Shambles, and, adjacent to the Royal Oak, stood the Church of St. Peter in Macellis (St. Peter in the Shambles), which is mentioned in 1244, and, being ruinous, was demolished in 1634. The present St. Peter's Street was long known as Fleshmonger Street. The curious block of buildings in the High Street, styled "God-begot House," arrests every passer-by. It recalls an ancient and long-existing manor and sanctuary. Emma, "the Pearl of Normandy," the widow of Canute, founded and gave to God and Holy Church, "God-begote," in 1052. It was independent of Provost or Mayor. Those who fled from justice to sanctuary were cared for. The well in the basement dates from Queen Emma's, if not from Roman days. The overhanging stories in Royal Oak Passage are picturesque. Within, the wealth of oak timber, and rich panels, is marvellous. "God-begot" may be paralleled in London or York; nowhere else." The "Old Bank" (Messrs. Prescott) preserves some quaint carved panels, and just below used to stand the great inn of the Chequers, with its galleries and courtyard. But here we are at the City Cross.

Cross and Cathedral.

THIS beautiful old Cross dates from the reign of Henry VI. It was actually sold by the Corporation in 1770 to a Mr. Dummer, who proposed to re-erect it in his grounds at Cranbury. Fortunately, the citizens energetically protested, and saved the Cross, "for the honour and ornament of their city." Turner, Carter, Bartlett, and many another artist have painted it. "Le Newe House," close to the Cross, bearing the date 1540, has been judiciously restored. Hard by are the tenement called Helle" ("Heaven" stood on the other side of the High Street). and Bulhall, which form a good setting for the City Cross. The ancient Bull-Ring was somewhere in the High Street, but its exact site is uncertain. The "tenement with the terrific title is as old as the reign of Edward III. It is now a restaurant, is replete with ancient arches and beams, and deservedly attracts visitors." Under the archway hard by is apparently a Norman chimney, and the tiny church of St. Lawrence, at which each successive Bishop of Winchester "rings himself in" at his enthronement, will claim our attention. Several ancient mayors rest there. The curious old "Square" is very quaint and picturesque. Here the Conqueror had his palace, here he established his mint, concerning which we might say much. In this connection we may add that "tokens" issued by Winchester tradesmen are numerous, and often met with. The pillory and cage stood in the Square, and were in use as late as the year 1816. Mr. W. Chalkley's Museum of Natural History in the Square should certainly be visited, and if the visitor be an angler, it is to its genial owner,

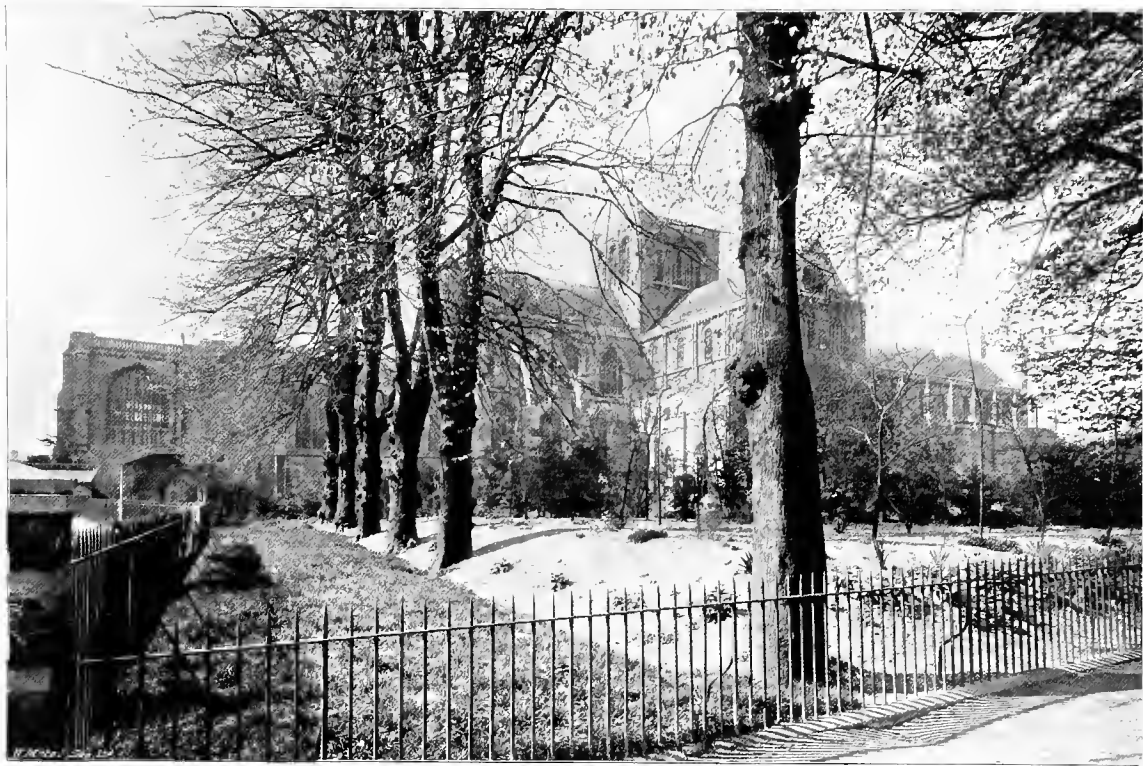


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Winchester Cathedral, from the North-East.

an authority on all matters piscatorial, that he must apply for permission to practise his "gentle craft." The Square was used as a market from the year 1400 until the present Corn Exchange was built. The pillars of the Market House were used as whipping posts, and in the Market noble Alice Lisle laid her grey head upon the block. Here we enter the Cathedral precincts. "A more beautiful Close it is difficult to imagine, with its carpet of vivid green, its grand avenue of stately trees, its quaint lichen-covered houses, almost hidden from sight in deep old-fashioned gardens, full of sweetest flowers and shrubs." The beautiful lime-tree avenues seem to be rather more than 200 years old. Keats, the poet, walked through them to St. Cross morning after morning, saying that "every pint of air was worth sixpence." The tombstone of Thomas Thatcher, "who caught his death by drinking cold small beer," attracts numerous visitors. On our left is Bishop Morley's College for the widows of clergymen connected with the Winchester diocese, and beneath the turf of the Close are the foundations of the New Minster, in which King Alfred's body rested, before its removal to Hyde Abbey. Beneath the gravel, before the West Front of the Cathedral, are the foundations of two massive never-completed flanking towers. The West Front was rebuilt by Bishop Edyngdon in the fourteenth century.

The Cathedral, Nave and Choir.

The exterior may be at first somewhat disappointing, but as we enter the west door, at which probably, more great people have come in than perhaps at any other door in England, there is "a vista of

magnificence, which, almost like the first sight of the sea or of the Alps, impresses itself on the memory for one's life." The minstrel gallery on our left, dates from about 1500. The beautiful twelfth century grille work, the oldest in England, below this gallery, formerly barred pilgrims from the monks' portion of the Cathedral. The west window is filled with ancient stained glass, variously said to have been placed there in the fourteenth or seventeenth centuries. Beneath it are statues of James I. and Charles I., riddled with Parliamentary bullets. In the south nave aisle are the old colours of the 97th Regiment, with the name of Hedley Vicars among the officers. The graves of Jane Austin (died 1817), and of William Unwin, the friend of Cowper (died 1780), attract many visitors. In a noble chantry rests William of Wykeham, who transformed Walkelin's Norman nave into its present noble perpendicular style. Three monks sit at his feet, and the statues of his chantry have been restored by Winchester College, of which he was the munificent founder. The black marble font is of the twelfth century, and probably came from Tournay. There are three similar fonts in Hampshire. The carvings represent the miracles of St. Nicholas of Myra. Bishop Harold Browne's alabaster memorial is full of beauty, and the brass in memory of Colonel Boles recalls a fierce fight at Alton in the Civil War. Bishop Edyngdon (1345), has a beautiful chantry. We enter the choir through an oak screen designed by Sir G. G. Scott as a memorial to Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Garnier. The Cathedral tower is late Norman, and its ceiling dates from 1634. Decorated and Perpendicular work are also much in evidence. A plain



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Winchester Cathedral and Bishop's Palace.

sarcophagus in the middle of the choir is variously claimed as being the tomb of William Rufus, and of Bishop Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen. The oak choir stalls are very rich and beautiful, and the pulpit was given by Prior Silkstede about 1520. The organ was the Great Organ of the 1851 Exhibition in Hyde Park. "The magnificent screen (fifteenth century) begun by Beaufort, and completed by Fox, is unsurpassed by any work of the kind." Thanks to the zeal of Dean Kitchin and Canon Valpy, it has been restored to its ancient beauty. Dean Kitchin gave the statue of King Alfred who lies "somewhere in the Winton town." Screens of stone tracery enclose the choir. They were erected by Bishop Fox (1500-1520), and on them are placed Mortuary Chests, also the work of Bishop Fox, containing the bones of Saxon kings and bishops. Bishop Courtenay (died 1492), is entombed on the south side of the choir, and upon the vaulting are the emblems of the Passion.

Other Portions of the Cathedral.

The North Transept is remarkable for its massive architecture, and from it we enter the most interesting crypt, which should by all means be visited. The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre has some frescoes, depicting the Passion and the Martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury. We leave the North Transept by the steps by which the pilgrims of old reached St. Swithun's shrine. This eastern portion of the Cathedral (Early English) was built by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy (1189-1204) for the accommodation of pilgrims. The tomb of Bishop Peter de Rupibus will no doubt attract "all good masons."

The North Chapel is called that of the Guardian Angels, from some ancient paintings on the vaulting. Bishop Ethelmar (died 1260) holds his heart in his hands, and in the Lady Chapel Queen Mary Tudor was married to Philip II. of Spain. The chair used by her is preserved in the adjoining chapel. The frescoes in the Lady Chapel, depicting the Miracles of the Virgin, are very curious, as are also the "punning rebuses" of Priors Hunter and Sillstede. The three memorial windows in this Chapel are much admired. Bishop Langton's (d. 1501) Chapel has some beautiful woodwork, and "punning rebuses" of Langton, Winton, and Hunter. Bishop de Lucy himself is buried in front of the Lady Chapel. Cardinal Beaufort's (1405-47) Chantry is on the south, and that of Bishop Waynflete, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford (1447-86), on the north. Between them formerly stood the shrine of St. Swithun which was plundered and destroyed in 1539. A mailed thirteenth century effigy, Prior Basing's tomb, and the marble effigy of Bishop Sumner, together with the chantry of Bishop Gardiner (1531-55), will claim our attention. The pretentious monument of Sir John Clobery, one of Monk's colonels, who lived in Parchment Street, faces the exquisite chantry of Bishop Fox (1500-28), the founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The heart of Bishop Nicholas Ely (died 1280), Duke Beorn, nephew of Canute, and Richard, son of the Conqueror, all have their tombs here. The South Transept has an old bench on which the monks of St. Swithun gossiped and dozed, a treasure-chest, now empty, the Chapter Room, the Vestry, which was the former Cathedral treasury. Bishop Wilberforce's monument is of a very florid character. Countless



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Winchester Cathedral: The Deanery.

pilgrims visit the tomb of Izaak Walton (d. Dec. 15, 1683) in Prior Silkstede's Chapel. The Cathedral Library, to which Bishop Morley (17th century) left his books, contains many treasures, chief among which is a priceless Vulgate of the 12th century in three folio volumes. The Library may be seen by application, and an ascent to the recently restored roof will repay the visitor. The view of the city from the leads of the tower is very fine. We have thus most briefly glanced at some of the features of this, the longest Cathedral in England. But Winchester is proud of her Cathedral Vergers, than whom there are none better, and by whom all information will be right courteously given. The visitor is referred to Dean Kitchin's "Winchester," to "Historic Winchester" (Bramston and Lersy), "Winchester Cathedral" (Canon Benham), Murray's "Hampshire," Warren's "Winchester Guide," and a host of kindred works.

The Close.

Leaving the Cathedral by the west door, and turning to the left, we go through a passage, cut through the south-western buttress by Bishop Curle, in 1636, to prevent traffic through the church. Three quaint Latin inscriptions, cut in the wall, record this fact. The cloisters formerly stood on the south side of the Cathedral, but were destroyed about 1564 by Bishop Horne, who likewise pulled down the Norman Chapter House, between the Deanery garden and the south transept, in which Archbishop Langton absolved King John. A row of Norman pillars marks the site of the Chapter House. Go through the archway, beneath the Cathedral library, for a fine view of the Cathedral.

Bishop Sumner's house stands on the site of the Monk's Infirmary, and in the enclosure near the east end of the Cathedral, known as Paradise, sleeps saintly Bishop Thorold. The Monk's Cemetery was on the other side of the Close. At No. 10, the Close, the basement of the ancient Refectory is still used as a kitchen. The present Deanery was the Prior's Hall, and before its beautiful gateway the poorer pilgrims received food and money before starting for Canterbury. Across the green is the ancient Pilgrim's Hall, where they were housed. We leave the Close by an ancient gateway, round which the storm of battle has more than once raged; and note the King's-gate, which carries upon its back the little Church of St. Swithun, which was formerly used by the Monastery servants. Turning (left) into College Street, we note a tablet on the house where Jane Austen spent her last days. Past the headmaster's house, we reach the gates of the College. The porter is an admirable guide (on application). This was the first school of the kind in England. In 1396 the then new buildings were occupied. Nearly every English sovereign has visited Winchester College, and proud indeed is the roll of its scholars.

* * *

The College.

WE pass through a gateway, above which is the "Election Chamber," into the inner quadrangle, noting the now disused open-air washing-place, known as "Moab," for Wykeham's scholars speak a language of their own. The vestibule of the Chapel

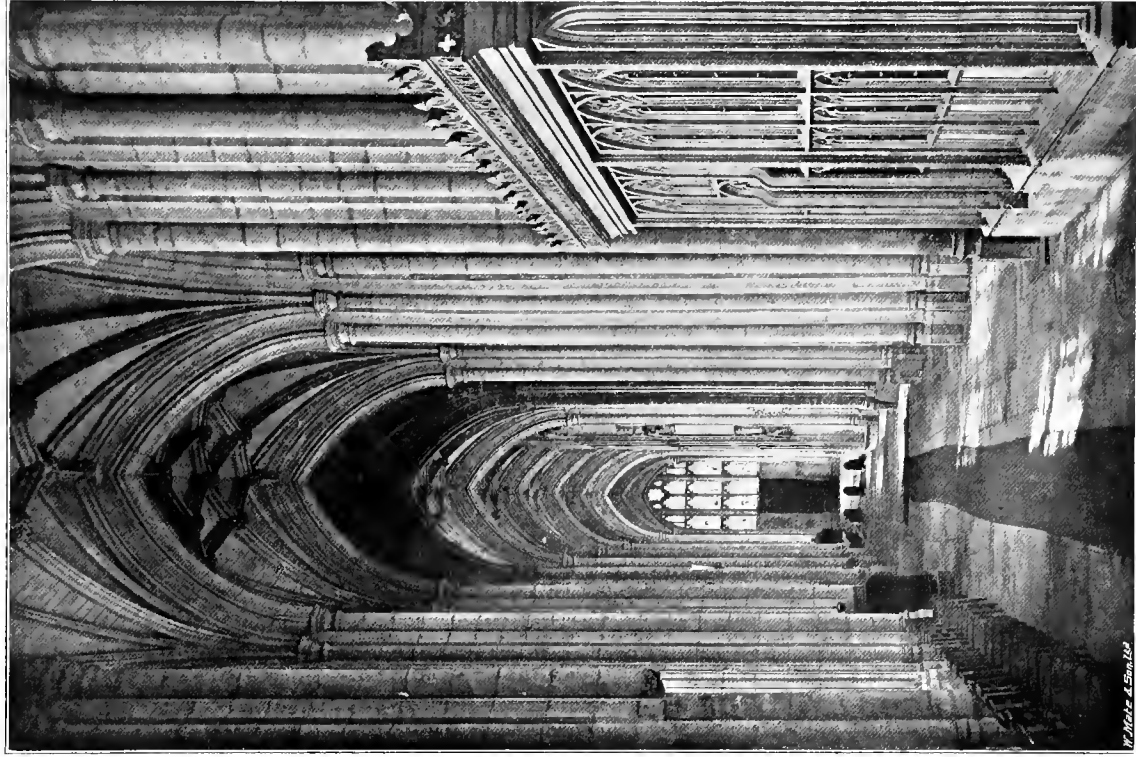


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**Winchester Cathedral
The Nave.**

commemorates "Wykeham's Sons," who have died for "Queen and Country." The Jesse windows in the Chapel is most interesting. The Reredos, illustrative of Church history, was restored in 1877. The brasses are admirable copies of the ancient ones, which were unfortunately stolen. The tower was rebuilt in 1863, and is known as "the Tower of the Two Wardens." The ancient Dining Hall, with its portraits and relics of antiquity will well repay inspection, as will also the quaint figure known as the "Trusty Servant," dating in its present state from the days of Queen Anne. The Cloisters, which are the College Cemetery, are full of peace and charm. Very lovely is John Fromond's Chantry (14th century) which stands in the centre of them, and the name of Bishop Ken, cut by him when at school here, is remarked annually by thousands. The Old Schoolroom, built in 1687, is very curious. Notice the Latin motto, which may be freely rendered "Work, walk, or be whopped!" Who that has ever been present will ever forget "Domum." The evening before the summer vacation the grand old song of "Domum Domum, Dulce Domum"—the Latin equivalent of "Home, Sweet Home"—rings out as it has done for more than 100 years in "Meads" and in the Quadrangle. What mighty matches between Eton and Winchester and other "crack elevens" have been played in "Meads." But Winchester College needs a volume, not a few passing words. Don't leave Winchester without visiting it.

To the right, over the Norman bridge which spans the Lock Bourne, from which Isaak Walton took many lusty trout, and we turn in at the entrance gate of Wolvesey

Castle. The ruins are full of interest, and have been carefully excavated under the able superintendence of Norman Nisbett, Esq., A.R.I.B.A. Egbert held a great council there in 828. Alfred dwelt there and, gathering scholars around him, compiled the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles. Hayling Island captured Danish pirates, who were promptly hanged above Wolvesey wall. But as Dr. Collier says: "Suddenly, on the 26th October, 901, death smote his feeble frame, and the great soul left its prison-house of clay. We can well imagine the hurry and alarm of that sad day: the bearded leeches summoned hastily to the royal chamber; the choking sobs that shook the brave breasts of guards and courtiers; the white, awe-struck faces of the common crowd standing silent at the palace door, and listening to the beat of the passing bell, as it rang out its iron prayer, imploring a nation to kneel for their dying king. Treading on withered leaves, they bore his confined dust, with the chant of psalms, to that sacred roof in Winchester, which he himself had reared, and left it there to mingle with the clay of God's Acre, as the Saxon burying-place was reverently called." Bishop Henry of Blois built most of the existing walls of Wolvesey, using the drums of Roman columns amongst other material. Saxon "herring bone" work and Roman bricks are clearly evident in the outer wall. When Cromwell took Winchester in 1645, Wolvesey Castle was made ruinous and incapable of defence. Bishop Morley (1662-84) completely rebuilt the Episcopal Palace here, which is now converted to use as a Diocesan Church House. Later Bishops used the stones of Wolvesey for road-making!

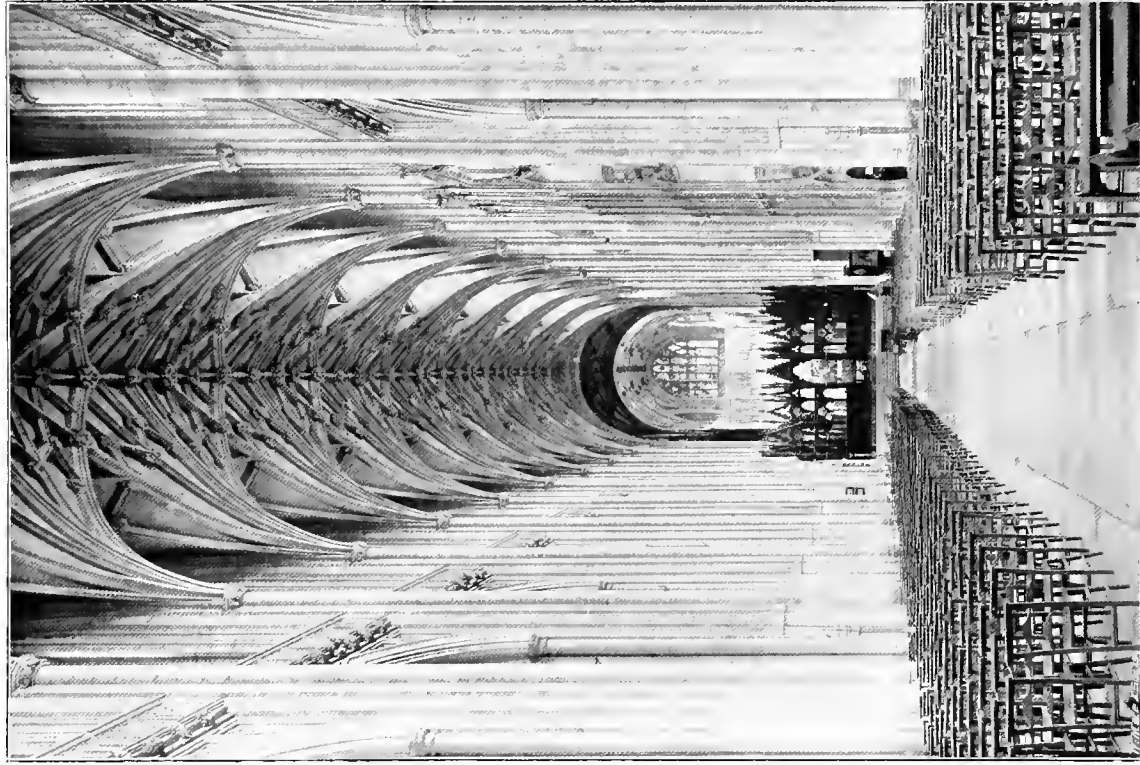


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**Winchester Cathedral :
The Nave, looking East.**

Coitebury, The Soke, and St. Giles' Hill.

NOT on any account to be missed is the pleasant walk under Wolvesey wall, through Wolvesey-slip and the Weirs by the side of the swiftly flowing Itchen. The Wharf Mills are at the foot of Wharf Hill, on which stand two inns with interesting signs. The "Black Boy" reminds us of the days when negro pages were fashionable, and the "Dog and Duck" is an echo of ancient decoys for wild fowl. Highcliff is a district with a rapidly increasing population, and its new church (All Saints), is a monument of hearty self-denial and co-operation. But to return to the pleasant river. There is a fine piece of the old City Wall here built of flints and rock like mortar, with Roman bricks here and there. Across the stream is the curious old Church of St. Peter Cheesehill, "an architectural epitome, and thus unusually interesting," which has lately been well and worthily restored. Neither church nor street has any connection with cheese, the name being derived from the gravelly soil. The old English name for gravel was "chesil," and we find this word also in the Chesil Beach at Portland, and in the town of Chiselhurst. Much could we say of Cheesehill Church and Parish did space permit. This district is known as The Soke, Mr. Shore says, "it was from there that the Bishop ruled his great diocese, and there also he had his civil independence, his temporal authority, a liberty of his own, which was called the Bishop's Soke. When people came there in the olden time, it was not to Winchester, but to the Bishop's Soke, near Winchester—there the Bishop

had a prison and a government of his own. The Mayor and Corporation had nothing to do with it, and, if they had asserted any authority there, they would have been quickly turned out."

The City Mill, mentioned in 1674 as "decayed," is picturesque, and a favourite subject with artists. The Eastgate Bridge re-replaces one built by St. Swithun, of which some portions remain underground. Crossing the bridge, we turn into St. John's Street (and turning to the left), where Roman coffins have been found, and soldiers were quartered in the "Barracks," about a hundred years ago. St. John's Church is one of the oldest and most interesting of the Winchester Churches, some portions dating from about the year 1200. The perpendicular oak pulpit, and the screen, are only two of its many characteristic features. It was used by Wykeham's scholars as a chapel, whilst the College was in building. Bishop Ken often ministered here. Returning to Cheesehill Street, we note the Oldest House, which dates from about 1450. Originally a citizen's mansion, it became the Rectory House in the reign of Henry VIII. Hard by is the Station of the Didcot, Newbury and Southampton Railway, which is worked by the Great Western. This railway has deeply scarred St. Giles' Hill, which we must certainly climb for the sake of the fine view over the City and neighbourhood. On the brow of this hill Earl Waltheof, the last Saxon leader, was beheaded in 1081, and here was held one of the greatest fairs of the Middle Ages (for which see Dean Kitchin's "Winchester"). Another fair (August 3rd) was held on St. Mary Magdalen's Hill, farther east. Descending the hill and re-crossing the

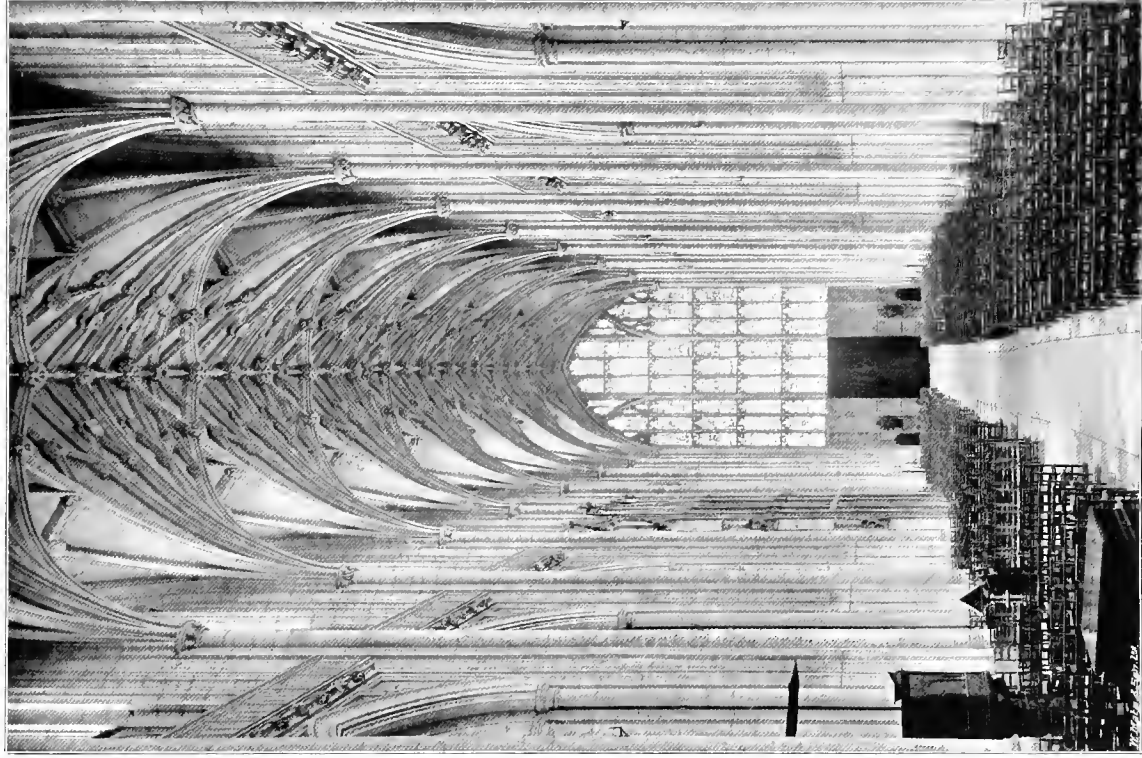


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**Winchester Cathedral :
The Nave, looking West.**

bridge, we are in "Coitebury," where tanners and fullers used to dwell, and where the Dominican or Black Friars had their monastery.

* * *

Up the High Street.

AT the corner of Eastgate Street is a large house where George III. was entertained, in the year 1778, when he exclaimed "Poor mayor! Poor mayor! Very bad hand, bad hand at a speech!" And a large cabbage was carried before a licensed victualler, "with intent to ridicule the Mayor and Aldermen, who had just before carried their mace before His Majesty." The Russian gun is a trophy of the Crimean War. The Hospital of St. John the Baptist, in the Broadway, owes its origin to Bishop Brinstan (931-34). Formerly the property of the Military Knights, it was re-founded as a Hospital in 1289, by John Devenishe. When the Sixth Harry reigned, another Devenishe founded and endowed the Chapel. The Corporation now owns this valuable charity, which gives shelter to 46 deserving pensioners. The Early English Chapel has at its west end the ancient Refectory, now styled St. John's Rooms, wherein have taken place many a civic feast meeting, concert, and ball. Opposite St. John's Rooms is the site of St. Mary's Abbey, founded by Queen Alswitha, wife of Alfred the Great, and which after the King's death, was the place of retirement of the royal widow, who wore a mourning habit of russet hue, a veil and a ring. Edburga, daughter of Edward

the Elder, was a stern Abbess. Food was not dainty. "Rotten eggs, beans with all their pods on, and liquor fit for oxen, for the wine is so poor, that one might drink it for a month without intoxication." This convent and and fashionable boarding school was finally destroyed by Henry VIII. Remains of the nuns have been found. The Abbey Grounds are now a pleasant garden, adorned with a statue of Her Majesty. The Guildhall was built in 1873, at a cost of £20,000. Its windows, niches, and carved heads represent scenes from English History, King Alfred not being forgotten. The fine tower is 112ft. high. The Guildhall contains the Mayor's Parlour, the Municipal Offices, and the City Museum (10 till 4), which contains many antiquarian and natural history specimens, together with a fine collection of Prehistoric implements and weapons, amassed by the Earl of Northesk. Portraits of various Hampshire worthies are preserved in the Guildhall. Notably the fine life-size picture of Charles II., by Sir Peter Lely, that Monarch's gift in 1682. The Corporation Maces date from 1722, and are very handsome; as, it goes without saying, is the Civic Plate. We may incidentally mention that Dr. John Lingard, the Roman Catholic Historian of England, is one of the worthies of Winchester, where he was born on February 5th, 1771. The ancient Gaol and Bridewell of Winchester was, till 1801, a picturesque block of buildings, opposite the present Guildhall. The School of Art, together with the Free Library and Reading Rooms, are part of the Guildhall Buildings. The streets on the right hand side of the High Street, now known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Brooks, were, till 1792, styled Shulworth,



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**Winchester Cathedral :
North Aisle.**

Wongar, and Tunner Streets. To quote Mr. Jacob once more. "The word 'Wongar,' is possibly derived from Wong, an ancient word denoting a marshy or wet place, and we know that the Brook once filled the centre of this street. The water in all the Brooks was used for tanners work, cloth, and Fuller's work, and glover's work. The town pond close to Trinity Church, once a deeper and broader stream, was where, in 1685, common scolds were ducked, and the Mayors had the right of fishing." St. Maurice Parish suffered terribly from plague, and in it, during the last century, dwelt the best pipe makers in England. On the south wall of St. Maurice Church, with its grand old Norman doorway "is an ancient stone, vertical dial, and the Church of St. Michael, Kings Gate Street, is famous for its 13th century sun dial. The old Market House, with its fluted Doric columns, opened in 1857, has now become the well-known restaurant of the Messrs. Dumper. Mr. Crook, and his neighbours have their shops on the site of the "Mother Church of Callendre." The Pentice was also called the "Pent House" and is now styled the "Piazza." William the Conqueror's Palace stood hard by, and here dwelt, in the Middle Ages, many a wool stapler. These buildings were formerly known as the "King's Draperie." In Parchment Street are the Post Office, the Office of the Hampshire Observer, the Primitive Methodist Church, and the Salvation Army Barracks. Returning to the High Street, on the premises of Messrs. J. Dyer & Son, are some interesting ancient cellars, worthy of a visit (on application). But here we are at the Cross.

Here and There.

At the corner of Symond's Street, is "The Hospital of the Poor in Christ," founded by the good old Peter Symonds in 1607, to maintain six poor men, one matron, four boys, and two scholars at the Universities. Southgate Street was formerly called Gold Street. At the back of the White Swan Hotel once stood the destroyed Church of St. Clement, the patron saint of blacksmiths. Much Roman and mediæval pottery has been found in this street. St. Thomas' Church is a handsome modern building. The Hampshire Club and the Winchester City Club are in Southgate Street, as well as St. Thomas Church Hall and an entrance to the Barracks. In Painter's Fields there was in 1743 a large Hessian Camp. Again, turning up Jewry Street, beyond that comfortable hostelry the Market Hotel, and the site of the Old North Gate, we turn down the North Walls where the line of old City Wall may be more or less distinctly traced. Below it, in the old City Moat, is a very ancient bowling green, occupied by the Hyde Abbey Bowling and Tennis Club. The Friary Bowling Green is also a flourishing institution. In the North Walls is the Winchester High School for Girls (Miss Mowbray), which has a deservedly high reputation. Turning here into St. Peter Street, we note the large Wesleyan Church and the Royal Hotel, which was formerly occupied by the community of Benedictine Nuns, now established at St. Mary's Abbey, East Bergholt, Suffolk. Opposite, is the Roman Catholic Church, at the entrance to which are, a fine Norman gateway, brought from the ruined

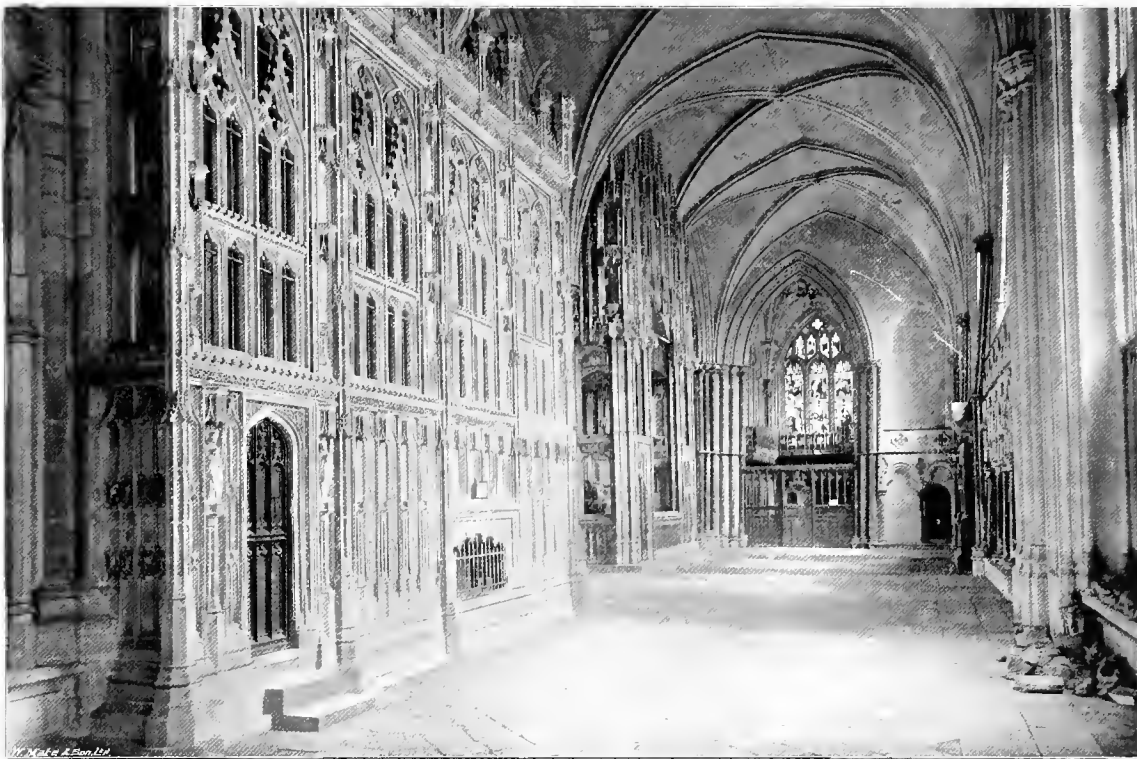


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Winchester Cathedral: South Choir Aisle.

Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, on Magdalene Hill, and a very fine Sarsen stone. This church was built by Bishop Milner, and Winchester is famous in Catholic annals as being the city in which the first church was built, the first Bishop consecrated, and the first Abbess blessed, since the Reformation. A fine old house, opposite the Royal Hotel was (temp. Charles II.) the home of the famous "Madam Carwell," Duchesse of Portsmouth. Adjacent are the Diocesan and Probate Registries. In the North Walls is the fine Church of Holy Trinity, consecrated in 1854. Mr. Woodyer, of Guildford, was the architect. On our left is Denemeade, or Denmark Mead, the traditional site of a duel between Guy, Earl of Warwick, and the Danish giant, Colbrand. And so we reach Darngate Mill, so named from an ancient postern gate in the City Wall. From hence we may return to the East Gate. But let us go back to the top of the North Walls, and turn down Hyde Street. Past the White Swan Hotel, we reach the scanty remains of Hyde Abbey. There are "a good perpendicular gateway and some small 15th century doorways, besides a curious piece of diaper work built into one of the neighbouring walls." The little Norman Church of St. Bartholomew, Hyde, hard by, which contains the monument of Edmond Norton (died 1602), who drew a pension of 2s. 6d. a day for fighting the Spanish Armada in 1588, has remains of the Abbey in their original position. Some of the documents concerning Hyde Abbey have been published by the Hampshire Record Society. The land on which Chaucer's Pilgrims stayed at the "Tabarde" in Southwark was bought by the Abbot of Hyde in 1307, whereon

he built a hostel for himself and his brethren. Chaucer and the Abbot of Hyde were doubtless friends. The Abbey, which had a revenue of £8,650 (present value) was suppressed by Henry VIII., and much could we say of its later history. King Alfred's resting-place was unviolated till 1788, when the Corporation wanted a site for a Bridewell, and it cannot be denied that the ground they chose was historical. Bishop Milner wrote "In digging for the foundations of the mournful edifice, at almost every stroke of the mattock or spade some ancient sepulchre was violated, the venerable contents of which were treated with marked indignity." "A slab which probably formed part of the tomb of Alfred the Great, and is inscribed with his name, is now at Castle Corby, Cumberland. Three stone coffins, discovered at the same time, and on good grounds believed to be those of Alfred himself, Aelswitha his queen, and his son Edward the Elder, were actually broken up to mend the roads, and their contents huddled into a pit in the Bridewell garden." "The foundation stone was laid on June 7, 1786, by the Earl of Banbury, and he gave the workmen one guinea for drink, and, . . . these same workmen sold the lead of Alfred's coffin for two guineas, and of course the *bier* produced beer." Yet is King Alfred loved in Winchester, and next year we hope to see in his honour a glorious statue in the Broadway (as there already is on the Cathedral Screen), together with an Art Gallery, a Museum, and a Library. "The Mayor of Winchester, Mr. Alfred Bowker, a very young head of a very old corporation, will leave no stone unturned to repair the slight to Alfred's memory." We all wish him well, and say right earnestly. So mote it be! Remains of the

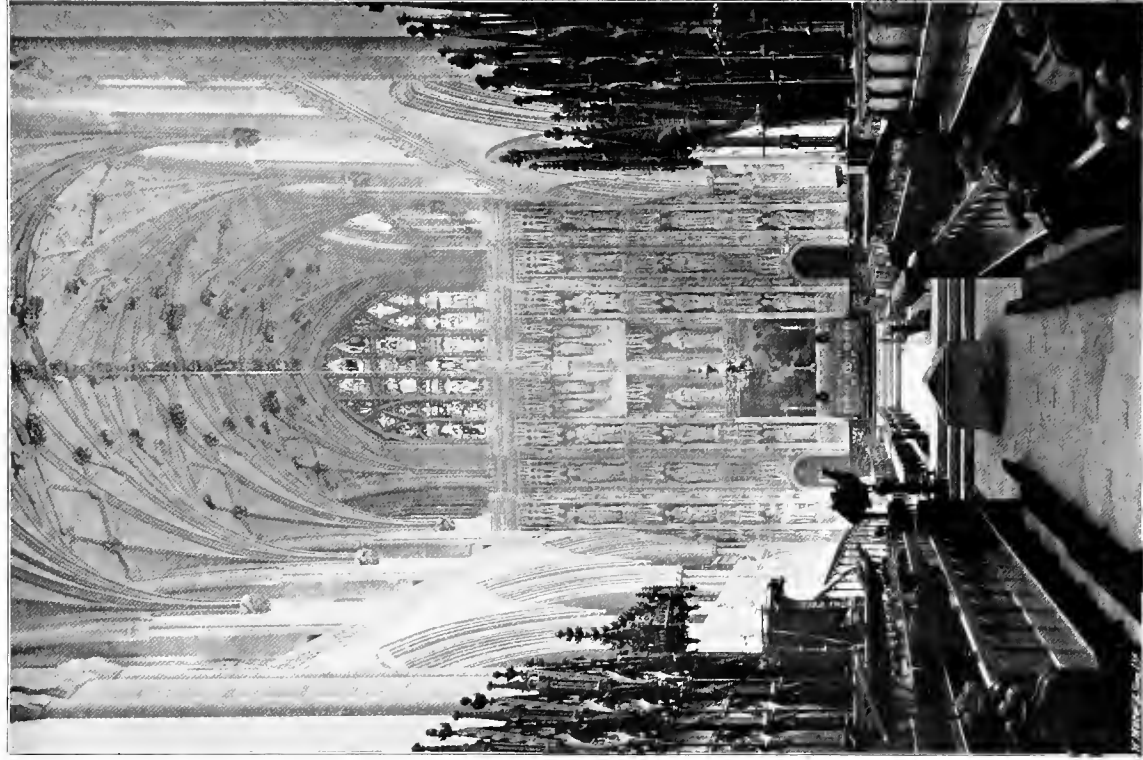


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**Winchester Cathedral:
The Choir, looking East.**

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PIANOFORTES, AMERICAN ORGANS.



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Tunings by
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Tuners in
Hants,
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46, High Street, WINCHESTER,
NEAR THE CITY CROSS,

Also at CROWN HILL, ALTON,
RYDE, AND EASTLEIGH.

**The Cheapest and Best House for
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Special attention will be directed to the FITTING-UP OF
RESIDENCES with BLINDS, POLES, LINOLEUMS, etc.,
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Winchester Cathedral : The Choir, looking West.

hatches regulating the Abbey fishponds, wherein, in later days, the Mayor had the right to fish, were lately met with, and still may we wander along the Monks' (though popularly styled Nuns') Walk, edged with trees, one of the most pleasant walks in the city, by the stream which supplied the Abbey with many a speckled trout. And whither will not that same pleasant path lead us? Past Abbot's Barton, which was one of the Abbey farms for the supply of eggs, butter, and other needful edibles, we reach the ancient Saxon Church of Headbourne Worthy, said to be founded by St. Wilfrid, and dating, certainly, from the 7th century. In the 15th century Weston Annex is a very ancient rood or crucifix above a Saxon door. An interesting brass on the north wall commemorates John Kent, a Winchester College scholar, who died in 1434. This is probably the only existing representation of the dress of a scholar of the period.

* * *

Excursions Northward.

KINGSWORTHY CHURCH, half-a-mile higher up the valley, has a nearly Perpendicular chancel and font, and a curious stone cross inlaid in the flintwork at the East End. At the Coach and Horses Inn, branches off to the left, the Roman road from Winchester, to the ancient Roman city of Silchester. The cyclist will find this road pleasant, though hilly. It will lead him past Stratton Park the seat of the Earl of Northbrook, rich in pictures and art treasures. Micheldever Church, with some fine sculptures by

Flaxman, is on the left. Stratton, with its new and handsome church, being on the right. Stratton Woods, with many associations of the heroic Lady Rachel Russell, are loved by the squirrel and the pheasant. The hamlet of Popham is famed alike in history and in legend, and the Popham Beacons command a right glorious view. The "Wheatsheaf," Popham Lane, was a mighty coaching Inn. There is much of interest in Basingstoke, within reach of which are Basing House, with its siege memories, the Vyne, and ever-interesting Silchester.

One mile from Kings Worthy is the small Norman Church of Martyr Worthy. The Transition Norman Church of Easton seen across the river is interesting, with a monument to Dame Agatha Barlow (died 1595), whose five daughters married five bishops. The Tudor fire-place in the Rectory is a fine work of art. Avington, with its park, is full of beauty. Full fain, did space permit, would we speak of Itchen Abbas with its memories of Charles Kingsley, who wrote "Water Babies" at the "Plough" Inn: Itchen Stoke, in a fair river valley, and Alresford, that "town of memories." But he that goeth thither shall not lose his pains.

* * *

Week, Littleton, and Sparsholt.

PASSING through the populous district of Fulflood we reach (1 mile) the queer little Church of Week or Wyke, with its curious brass of William Complyn (died 1498), representing St. Christopher. Littleton has

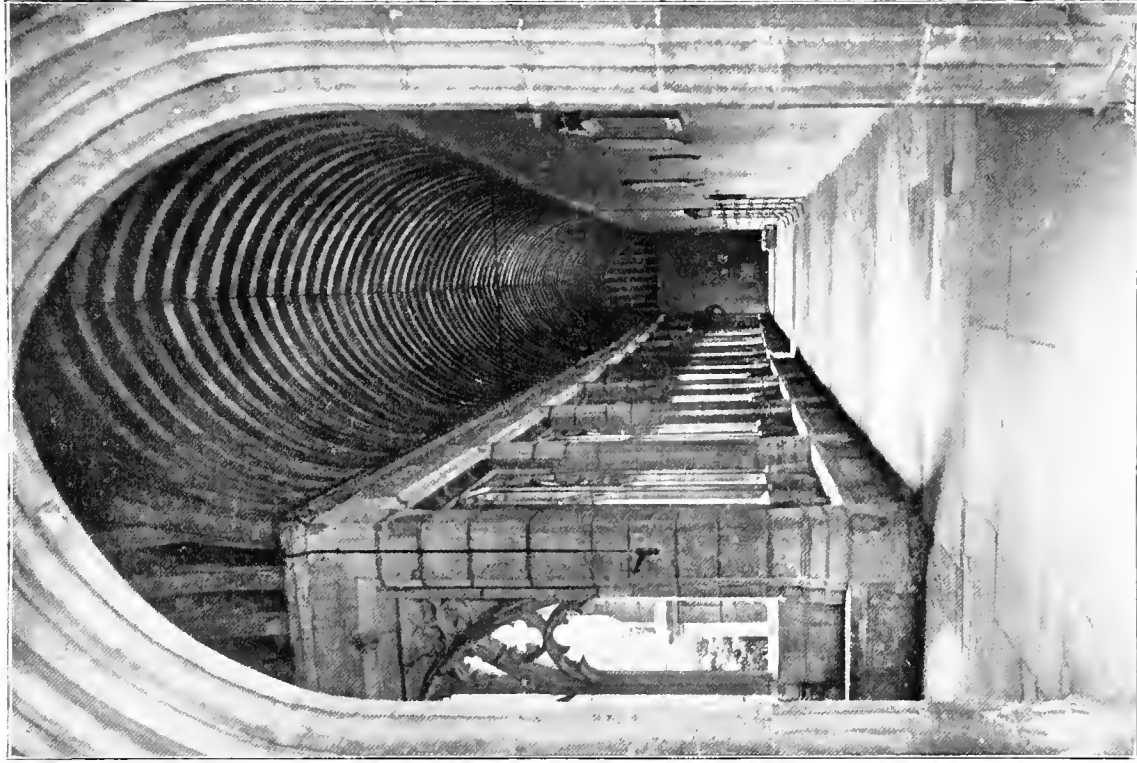


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The Cloisters.

a Norman Church, worth a visit, as likewise has Sparsholt. A Roman villa and a Roman road are features of this parish. The avenues of Lainston House are matchless in spring-time, and in the ruined church of its little parish of only 120 acres, Miss Chudleigh was married at midnight in 1745 to Captain Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, and began the curious history which ended in her trial for bigamy in 1776, as Duchess of Kingston.

* * *

Chilcombe and St. Catherine's Hill.

THE little Church of Chilcombe (2 m. S.E.) is one of the most ancient in England, and is probably Saxon.

It is most picturesque in situation, in a combe or valley, under the chalk downs. Fine views of Winchester may be seen hereabouts. Above Chilcombe Towers, St. Catherine's Hill, on which is one of the 40 British Camps in Hampshire, and one of the most perfect. It would require some 3,000 men for its defence. Mr. Shore says that "Cædar rine" means "the fortified hill, or the hill by the flowing water." An ancient Chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, mentioned in the 14th century, formerly stood on the summit. It was suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey, in aid of his Colleges at Ipswich and Oxford. The beech and fir trees on the summit were planted in one day, by Colonel Lord Botecourt, and the men of the Gloucester Militia (tempe George III.). The labyrinth, or "mizmaze," is variously ascribed to a Winchester College scholar, and

to ecclesiastical hands. The view over the City, and the Itchen Valley, is grand in the extreme. It is said that coal might be found by deep boring at Lower Chilcombe. If so, it would revolutionise the industries of Winchester. Cromwell's Parliament, in February, 1653, proposed to bore for coal in Hampshire.

* * *

S. Cross, Compton, Otterbourne, and Hursley.

ONE more pilgrimage we must make. Carriage or cycle will serve us for the whole of it, but S. Cross (1½ miles south) may be reached easily on foot. Through South Gate Street or King's Gate Street, we reach the burial ground of St. Faith's Church, suppressed and destroyed by Bishop Fox, in 1509, from whence a meadow path leads to the ancient Hospital. In fine weather the walk from the College to S. Cross, through the meadows, is full of charm.

This Hospital was founded in the 12th century. by Henry de Blois, for 13 poor men "decayed, and past their strength." A hundred other poor men were to be fed daily. William of Wykeham restored the Charity, and Cardinal Beaufort, in the 15th century, added the "Almshouse of Nohle Poverty," for the support of two priests, thirty-five brethren, and three nuns (nurses). Lengthy indeed is the history of S. Cross, but the Charity still flourishes. Within the first court is what is called "The Hundred Mennes' Hall," and in

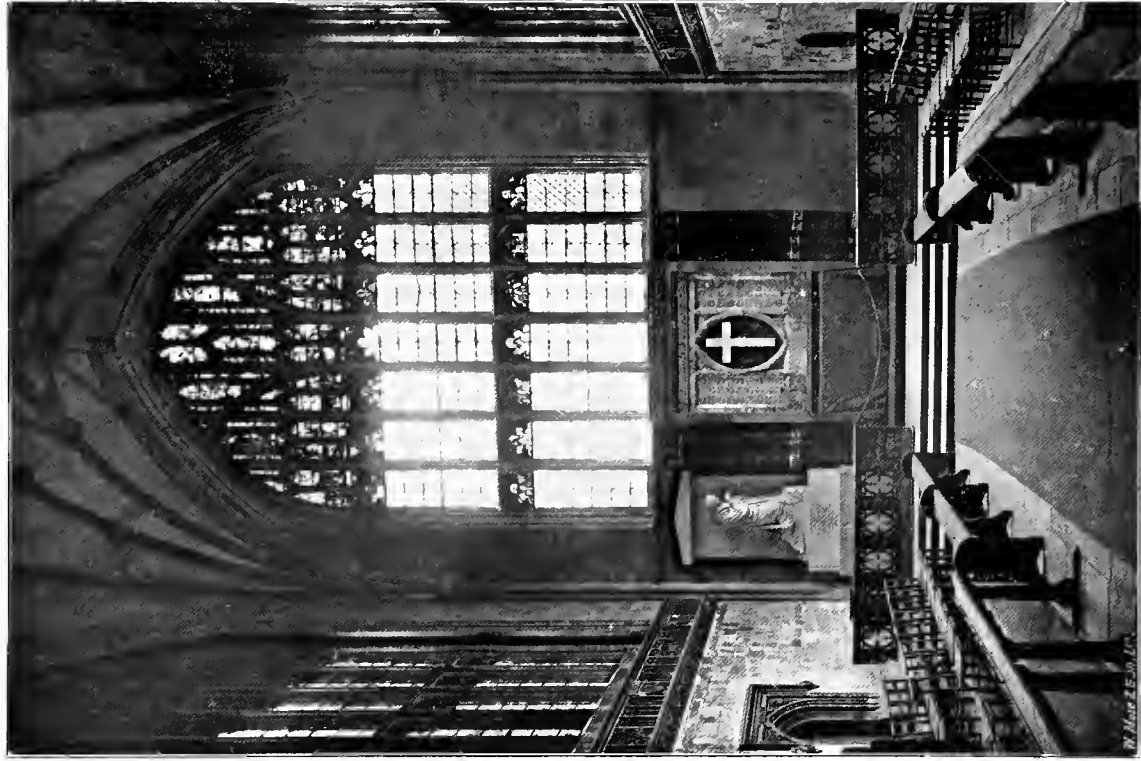


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**Winchester Cathedral:
Lady Chapel.**

front is Cardinal Beaufort's Gatehouse. Here, admission tickets (6d.) must be taken for the benefit of the Brethren, and a dole of bread and beer, the only one still existing in England, is given to each applicant. The view in the Quadrangle, with the Master's and Brethren's houses round it, and the old sun-dial in the centre, is unrivalled. A 16th century Cloister connects the Porter's Lodge and the church, which is Norman (12th century), and should without fail be visited. The brass of John de Campden (died, 1382) is extremely fine. The mouldings are exceptionally rich. The colouring of the walls may give rise to controversy; half obliterated frescoes, the triple arch, and ancient stained glass, are all alike beautiful. The Dining Hall and Kitchen, with their many mementoes of the past, will make us linger. Regretfully we turn away, for there is but one S. Cross!!

On the hill above the village we have a fine view of Winchester, and drop down into picturesque Compton, with its Norman Church and ancient Manor House, the old home of Barnard Goldfinch, with quaint carvings, of which much might be said.

The next village is Otterbourne, of which, together with Hursley, the saintly John Keble was rector. He built the church in 1838 from the proceeds of the *Christian Year*. A Memorial Cross, in the beautifully kept churchyard, keeps his memory green. The church has been restored by Miss C. Yonge, the well-known authoress, who lives at "Elderfield." Sir Walter Besant says, "The lady who has done more for the women of her time than any other writer, in raising the standard of the gentle life, and in filling the hearts of our English maidens with lofty and holy thoughts.

Miss Charlotte Yonge must have a place—let her be placed very near King Alfred—in the Valhalla of Winchester."

We must not forget that Queen Victoria claims descent in a double line from Egbert, Alfred, and William the Conqueror. The first Duke of Brunswick was Otho, son of William of Winchester, so styled in 1235. By way of Cranbury Park we make our way to Hursley on a pilgrimage to the grave of John Keble. The nearest station to Hursley is Chandler's Ford (3 miles). The Author of the "Christian Year" and his devoted wife are asleep side by side, in the very shadow of the church and vicarage. The church is lovely within and without, having been restored and made beautiful by the proceeds of the "Christian Year." Richard (son of the great Oliver) and Dorothy Cromwell, with some of their children, are buried here.

Two miles west of Hursley is Slackstead, the former home of Thomas Sternhold, who wrote 53 of the "Old Version" of the Psalms. From Hursley we may return through Otterbourne by way of the King's Lane by which the body of William Rufus was brought from the New Forest for burial in the Cathedral. But let us rather retrace our steps (leaving, alas! fair Ampfield and Romsey unvisited) by way of Merton and Pitt. In Hursley Park (J. W. Baxendale, Esq.) are the small remains and mighty Celtic earthworks of Merton Castle, built by Bishop Henry de Blois (about 1138), which command an extensive view. On our homeward way we have on our left Farley Mount, topped by a Celtic tumulus, which is again surmounted by a monument to a famous horse, which saved its own and its owner's neck during a fearful leap

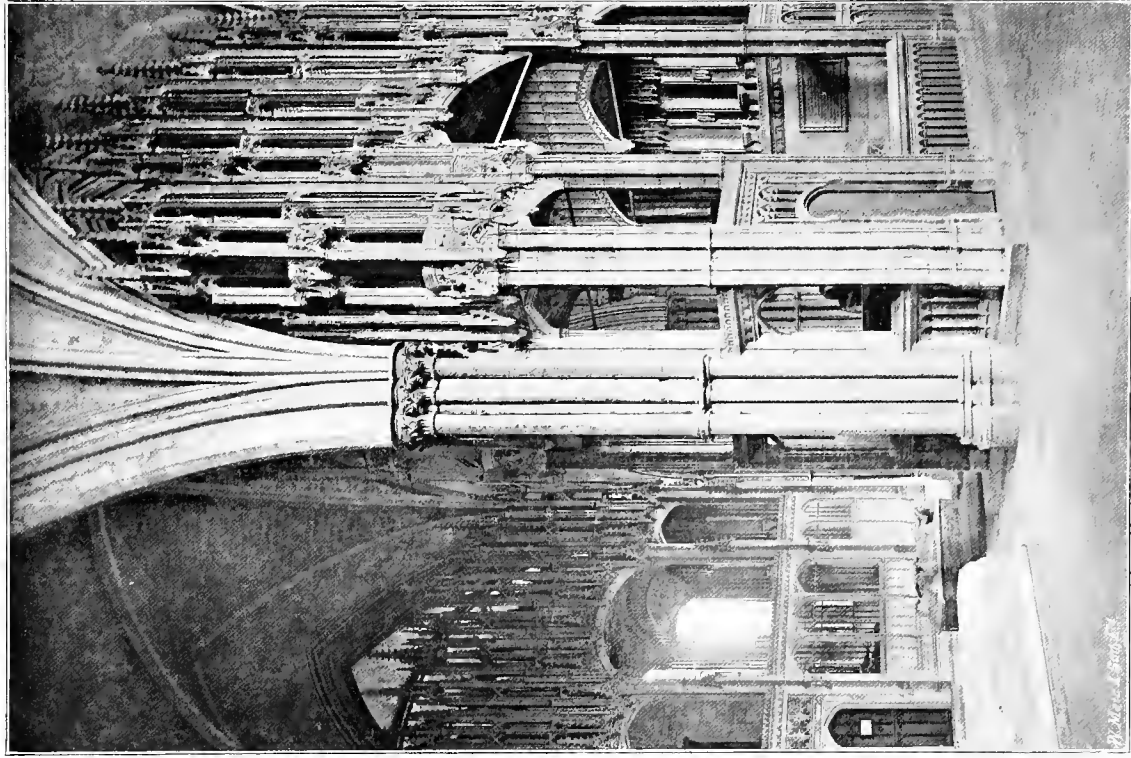


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**Winchester Cathedral :
Beaufort's Chantry.**

into a chalk pit. The school house at Pitt was built by the generosity of Miss Yonge. Oliver's Battery, with its clump of trees, on the right of the road, is a well-known landmark. It was originally a redoubt thrown up by Lord Hopton, the King's General at Winchester (1644), and occupied by Oliver Cromwell in 1645. "Seven Sleepers' Hill" is a name derived from the venerable legend which clings to other cities of extreme antiquity in several parts of Europe and Asia.

West Hill is one of the most pleasant residential quarters of Winchester. Here are the Diocesan Training College, built in 1862, the peaceful Cemetery, Christ Church, near the Barracks, the County Gaol, and the Royal Hants County Hospital, which treats some 1,500 patients annually, and greatly needs increased support. The Victoria Hospital (16 beds), a mile from the City, for infectious diseases, treats some 50 cases per annum. The Roman Catholic Cemetery, near the site of the former Church of St. James, adjoins the Garrison Burial Ground. Passing the waterworks, and crossing the railway we once more reach the West Gate.

* * *

Leaving Winchester.

ONE should spend weeks, months, years, not days, in Winchester. There is no spot in England better worth study, or more compact with historic associations—but we must away! Down through the old City once more, crossing the bridge over the sweet river, and remembering "that of all the trout that do swim in English waters, those of Itchen are the most difficult to catch, and among the fairest when caught,"—we reach the Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Railway Station in Cheesehill Street. Sutton Scotney is a good centre for the antiquary, the artist, and the angler. Whitchurch has associations with Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley, trout fishing being excellent hereabouts, and so past Kingsclere, famed for its racing stables, and Highclere with its stately castle, we make our way to pleasant Newbury and,—“so home,” not however, without grateful thanks to Alderman Jacob and many other life-long Winchester friends, coupled with a sense of deep humility at the thought of the many points of interest and works of charity with which Winchester teems, on which we have not space to dwell.



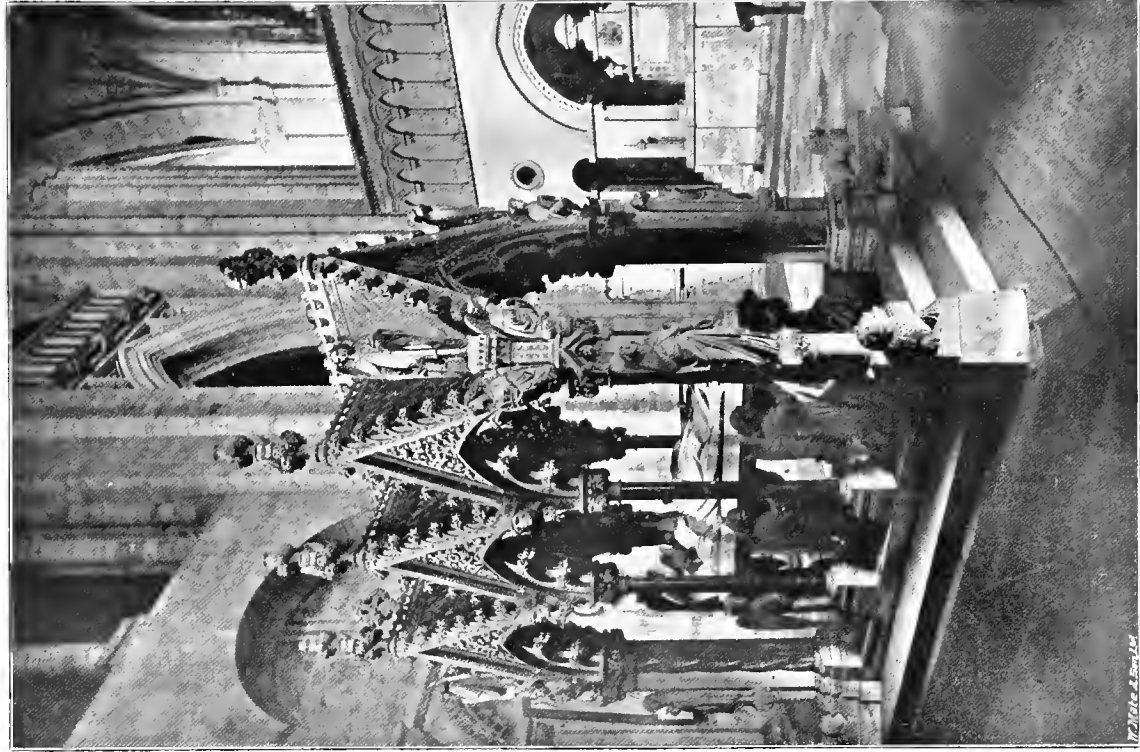


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**Winchester Cathedral :
Bishop Wilberforce's Tomb.**

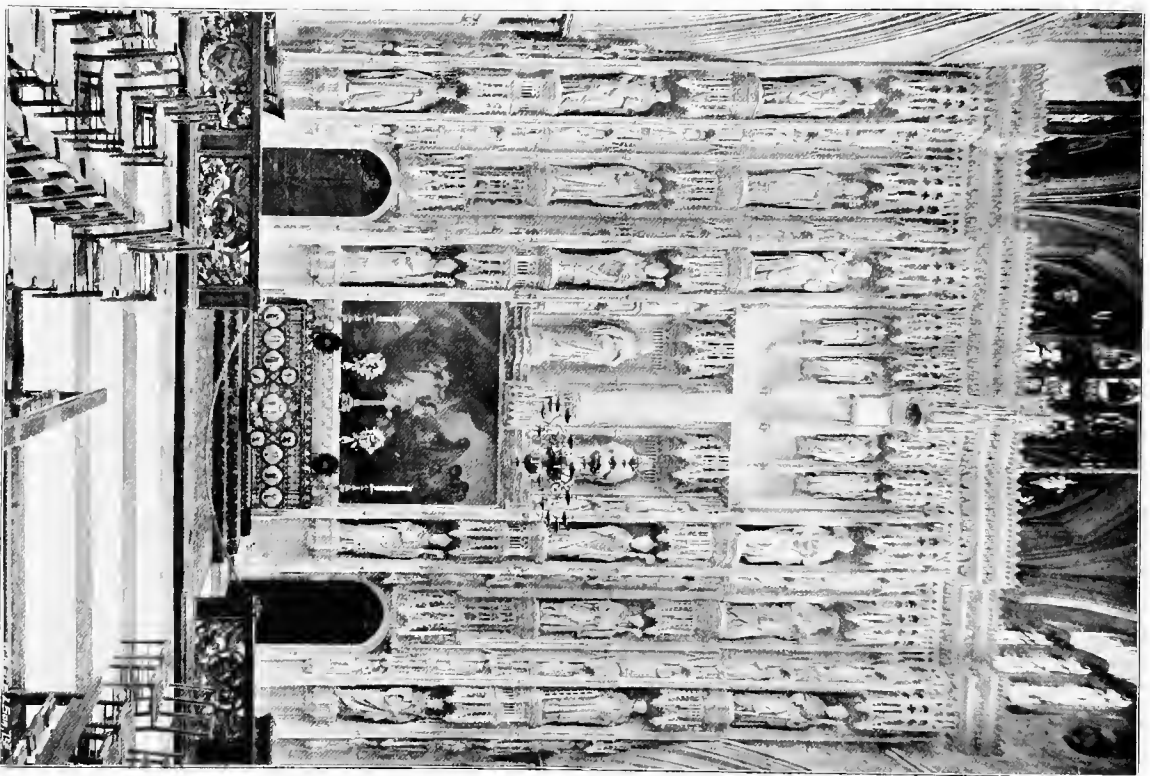


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**Winchester Cathedral:
The Reredos.**



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Winchester Cathedral: The Font.



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**Winchester Cathedral:
Queen Mary's Chair.**



Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Winchester Cathedral: The Crypt.



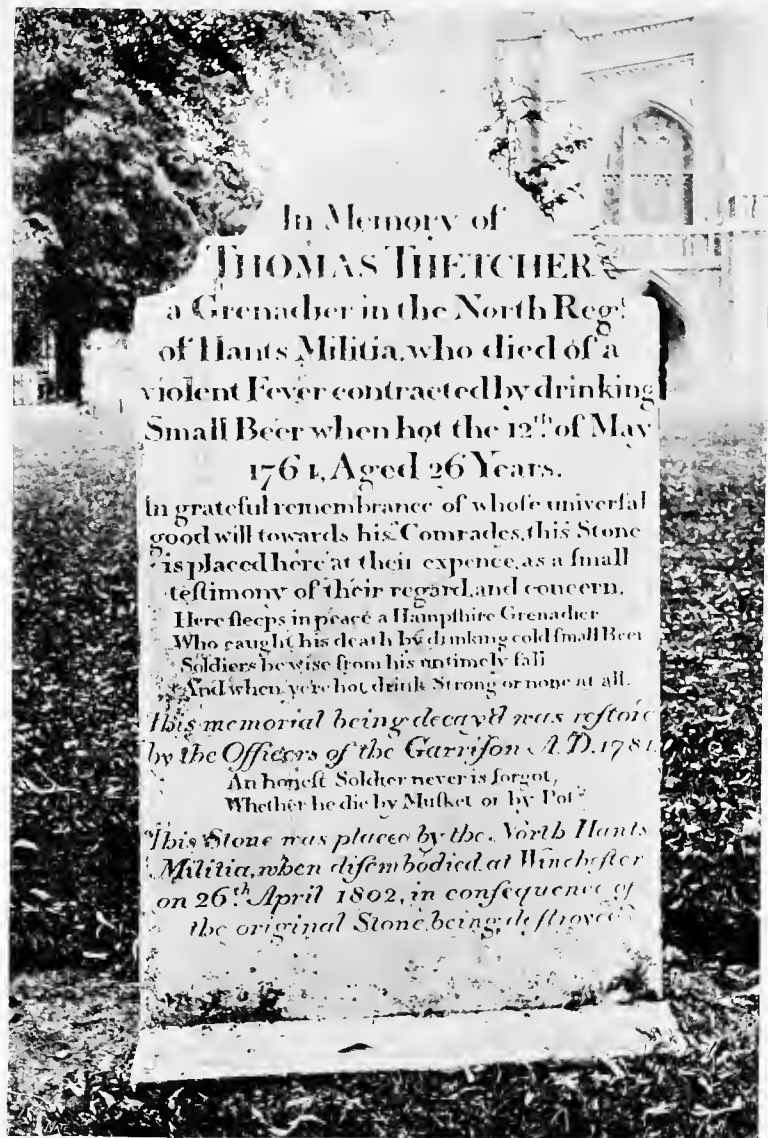
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The Great Hall.



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The Round Table.



In Memory of
THOMAS THETCHER
a Grenadier in the North Regt
of Hants Militia, who died of a
violent Fever contracted by drinking
Small Beer when hot the 12th of May
1761, Aged 26 Years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal
good will towards his Comrades, this Stone
is placed here at their expence, as a small
testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold small Beer
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall
And when ye're hot drink Strong or none at all.

*This memorial being decay'd was restor'd
by the Officers of the Garrison A.D. 1781.*

An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by Mullet or by Pot.

*This Stone was placed by the North Hants
Militia, when disembodied at Winchester
on 26th April 1802, in consequence of
the original Stone being destroyed.*

Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Thomas Thetcher's Tomb.



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Winchester College.



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Winchester College: The Library.

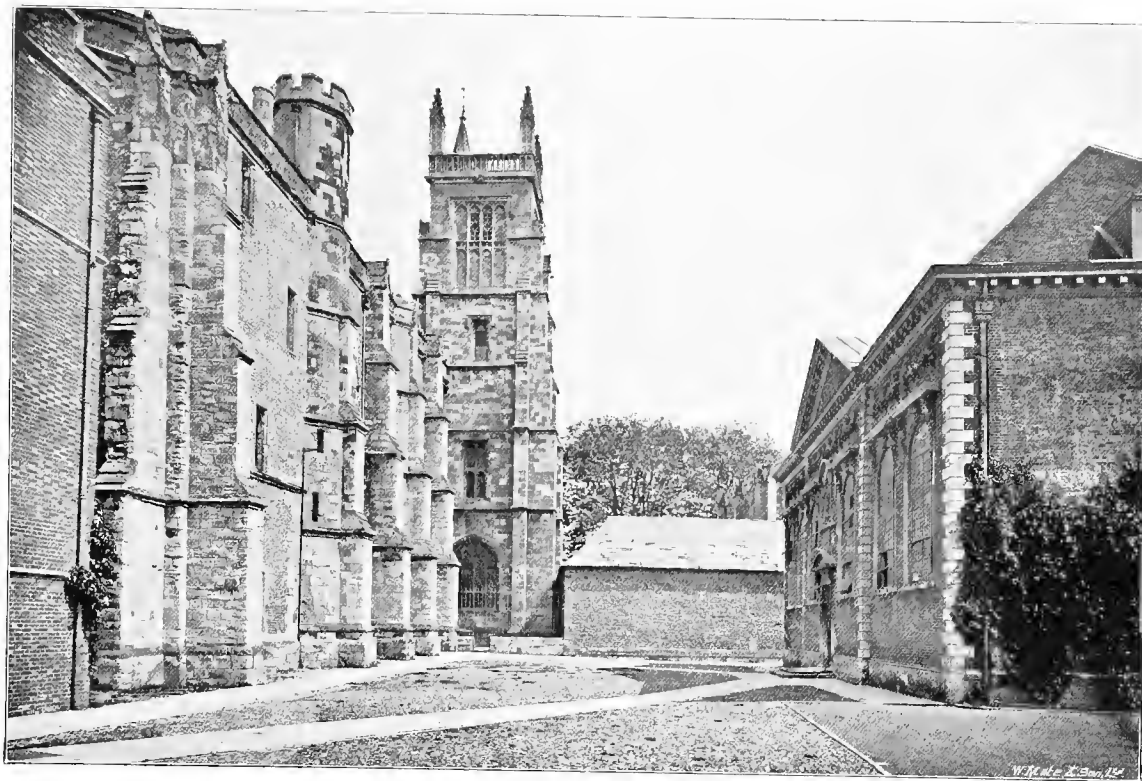


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Winchester College: The Lecture Room.



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Winchester College : The Dining Hall.



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Winchester College: Washing Stool, etc.

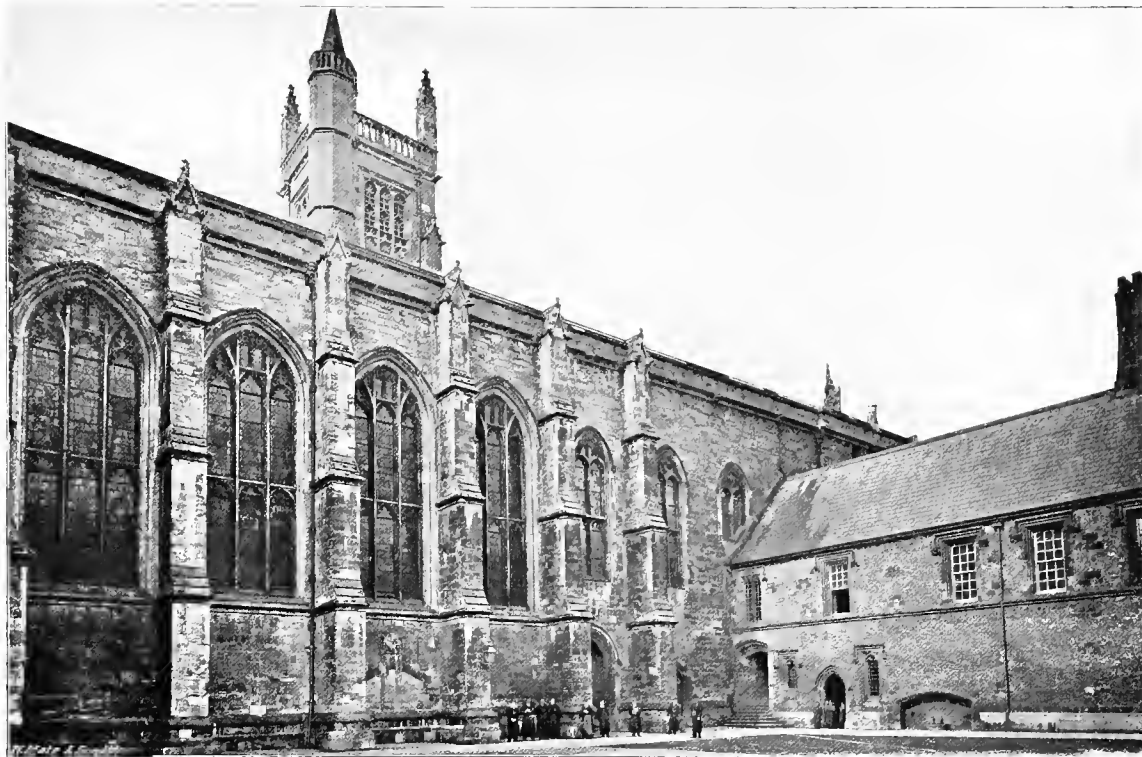


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College Church.

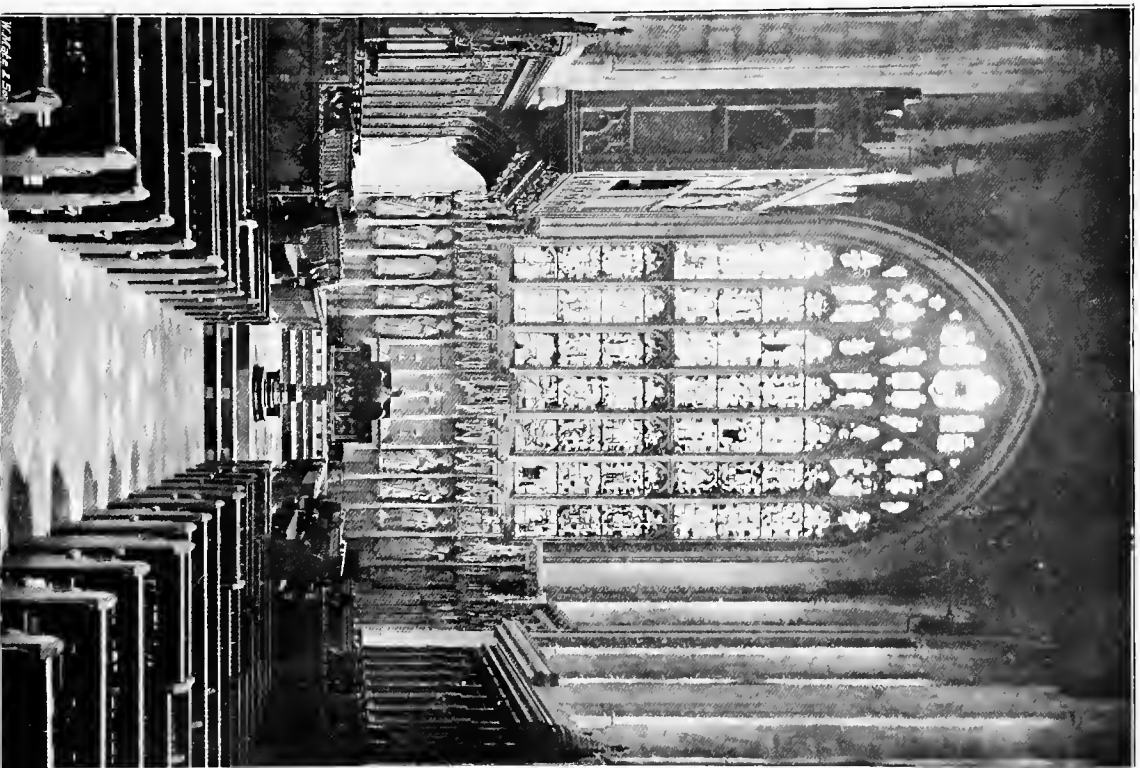


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College Chapel.



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Ruins of Wolvesey Castle.



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St. Cross Almshouses.



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St. Cross Almshouses.



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Church of St. Cross : Interior.



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Church of St. Cross.



Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

King's Gate.



Photo by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

The Close Gate.

Educational.

WINCHESTER has been from time immemorial a great Educational Centre, and a School of Kings. Athelwulf, son of Egbert, was a scholar in Winchester, and here King Alfred sat at the feet of S. Swithun. Archbishop Ælfric, 900 years ago, proudly styled himself "a Winchester pupil." There was a Grammar School here before William of Wykeham founded one of the chief great Public Schools of England. As it was then, so it is now. All ranks and conditions of scholars are efficiently provided with educational facilities in Winchester. There are many reasons why the old City should thus come to the front in scholastic matters. Thanks to its two railways, Winchester is closely linked with London, from which it is but 1½ hours distant. There is also easy and rapid communication with Southampton, the Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, Portsmouth, Romsey, and Salisbury. Corridor carriages bring pupils to our City with a maximum amount of comfort. Winchester enjoys a very sheltered position, free from the extremes of climate to which many other places are exposed. At the same time it is surrounded by a fine and open country, affording opportunities for endless health-giving walks and rambles. The open spaces in and about the City afford admirable opportunities for athletic sports. Many a well-contested game of cricket, many a "glorious scrimmage," and "no harm done," is fought out on holiday afternoons. The hockey season—for hockey, too, has its season, is a time of fierce youthful excitement. There are abundant facilities for lawn tennis,

and Winchester offers exceptional advantages for skating, when the meadows are flooded in winter. Cyclists can visit many interesting places a wheel, on good and well-kept roads. The death rate of Winchester is extremely low, and the city enjoys great freedom from infectious disease. The ancient buildings and associations of Winchester, afford in themselves endless opportunities for giving instruction in a pleasant manner. The tradesmen of Winchester naturally cater in an especial fashion for the numerous schools established in their midst, which also attract as residents, able and efficient teachers in all branches of learning. Where so many schools are excellent, it seems invidious to particularise, but we may perhaps select Northgate School, situated in one of the healthiest parts of Winchester, as a type. It stands in its own grounds, and the large and roomy house was formerly the home of R. Moss, Esq., the well-known M.P. for Winchester. The health and comfort of his pupils are specially studied by the Principal (A. R. Leatham Esq., M.A., Balliol College, Oxford), and in contrast with by-gone days school life is made homelike. The motto of Northgate School is "Thoroughness," whether pupils are intended for the Universities, the Services, Professions, or Commerce. Pupils are well grounded. Individual attention is a special feature with regard to intended future careers. A thorough English education, good hand-writing, and arithmetical proficiency are a special aim. The Principal personally teaches the younger, as well as the older boys. Physical training is a strong point, and every manly sport is heartily encouraged. The Classical Side prepares pupils for the Universities, the Services, Professions, and Public

Northgate School, Winchester.



View from South.



View from North.

Photos by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

TESTIMONIAL.

GROVE PARK,
KINGSNURY,
MIDDLESEX

25th June
1895.

Filled Enclosed Lord Roberts
begs to enclose a cheque for
£44.18.0 in payment of
his account with Messrs
Gandy & Sons & will be
obliged by their returning
him the receipted bill -
Lord Roberts would like
to say that he is very
pleased with the carriage
supplied by Messrs
Gandy & Sons.

Telephone No. 0479.

Telegrams :
"Gandy,
Winchester"

Gandy & Sons,

Established a number of
Years.

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

25, PARCHMENT STREET,
WINCHESTER. : : :

WORK OF THE
HIGHEST CLASS.

Carriages of every description built to Order.

A Variety of New and Second-hand Carriages
kept in Stock. Repairing in all its branches. Estimates given.

LARGE STOCK.

SPECIALITY ;

"WYKEHAMIST CONVERTIBLE WAGONETTE,"

Convertible into 4 different styles of Carriages. This Carriage has
been supplied to F.M. Lord Roberts (see Testimonial), Sir Robert Stewart,
Col. Rowan Hamilton, and many other gentlemen.

Our Gent's Sporting Cart (made in any size, of highly finished materials)
is very popular throughout County.

SPACIOUS PREMISES STANDING ON 10,500 SQUARE FEET.

Extensive Reputation for Carriages Built Specially for Export.

MOTOR CARS:—Agent by Appointment of the Automobile Club of Great Britain
and Ireland.



Views of Messrs. Gandy & Sons' Carriage Works.

Photos by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

Examinations. They are taught Divinity, Latin and Greek, Modern Languages, Mathematics, and Natural Science. The Modern Side teaches no Greek, and lessens Latin, but lays increased stress on Modern Languages, Mathematics, English and Composition, Book-keeping, Mensuration, and kindred subjects. The pupils of Northgate School have been very successful, and it enjoys a high reputation from its good results in the University Local Examinations. The School has also an excellent record in athletics and sports.

* * *

Winchester Industries.

THE trade of Winchester has, it is true, changed its form in the course of centuries, but a walk down High Street will convince any one that its commerce still thrives. The tanners and fullers of Coitebury have gone, but the woolstaplers, fellmongers, and tallow chandlers are still to the fore, and many a tailor and outfitter will clothe you better than were your bygone ancestors. And you, too, madam, may have "gems of millinery," pretty frocks, and even corsets made in our City. Your garments may be dyed, and look like new, and "little strangers" may be well equipped with wardrobes. Much leather is converted into boots and shoes, and numerous swine become bacon in Winchester. The hammers of all kinds of metal-workers

ring out merrily, and most artistic are the results. The Winchester pipemakers are worthy of their centuries of fame. Limners, painters, and artists there be, photographic and otherwise. Have you wares to sell, or would you fain be a purchaser? Auctioneers, surveyors, and valuers meet your wishes. Are you sick, sorry, or wounded? Wise physicians will heal you, surgeons will operate with instruments made by the Itchen shore, and able chemists shall prepare your medicine. Would you be lodged in a good hotel, or prefer you a meal in a well equipped restaurant? Here be those ready and willing to serve your every need. Are you in quest of figs, of sugar, and of spice? There be those who will serve you well. Do you ride upon the horse with four legs, the iron steed with a brace of wheels, or in the privacy of a brougham? Whichever be your choice, at Winton shall all your wants be met. Hath music charms? Instruments of varied name and price are at your disposal. Are you a dweller in tents, love you costly furniture, or to deck your wife with jewels? Put money in your purse, and come to Winchester! There sow field and garden with most productive seeds, and when at length you "join the great majority," in ancient Winton dwell those who will inter you with becoming care, and raise lasting monuments above your place of sleep. Ask you, What are the names and habitations of those who shall work all these wonders for me? Our simple answer is: "look within this little book, and you shall know them."



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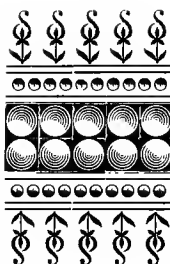
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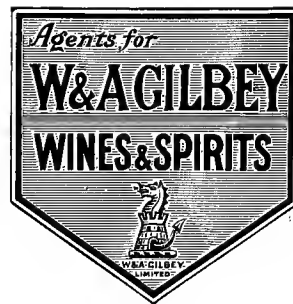
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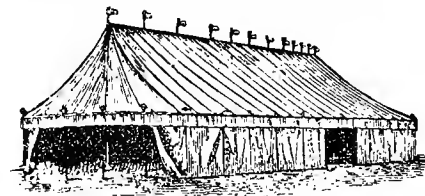


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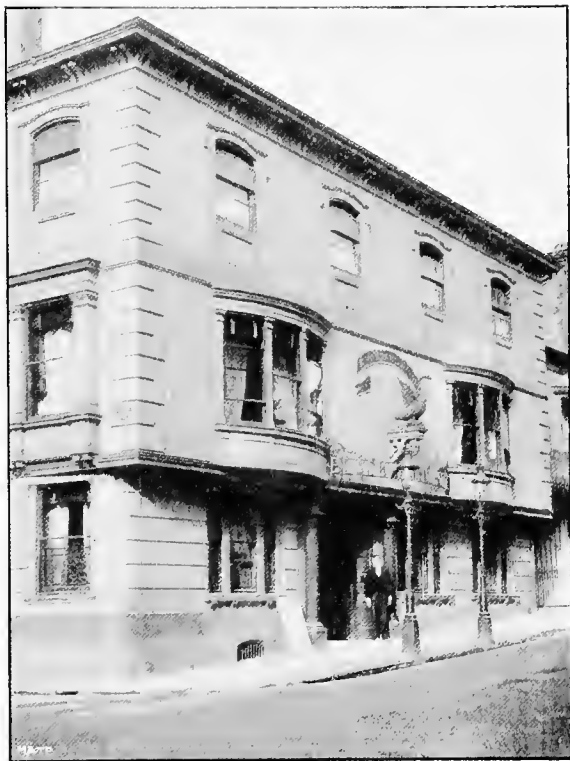
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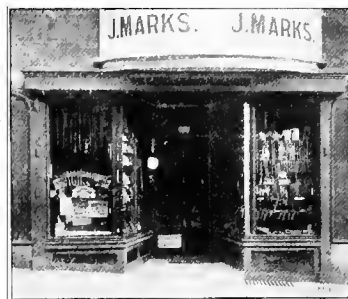
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